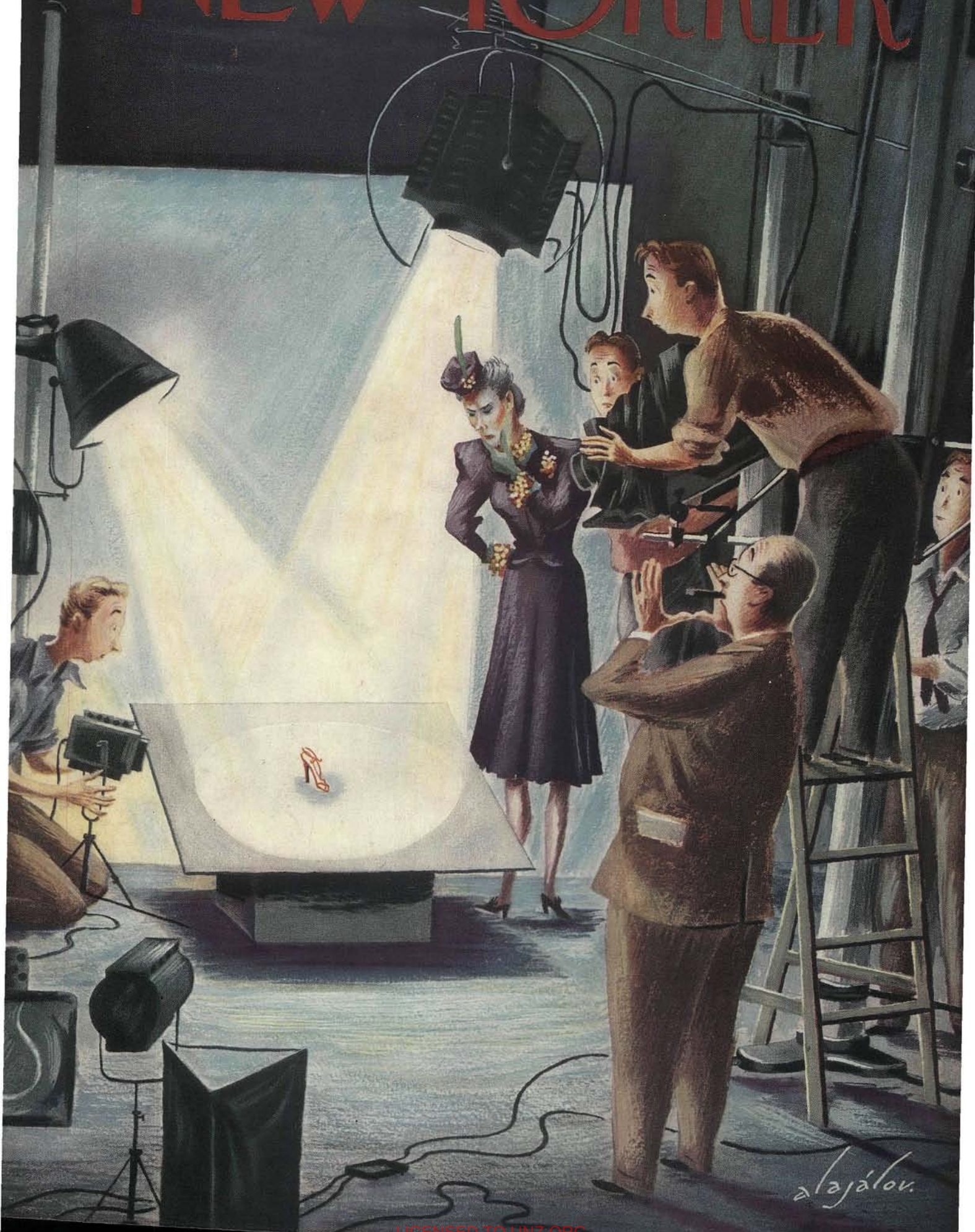


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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE—Admirers of William Saroyan will probably love the Webster family, who suffer about equally from mice and whimsy; others had better stay home. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey are in the cast. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sat. at 8:50, and Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best foreign play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA—A first-rate revival of Bernard Shaw's play exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey head a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—Russell Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MR. AND MRS. NORTH—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., May 11, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

NATIVE SON—A lot about Communism and one murder have been omitted from this version of Richard Wright's novel, but it is still a brutal and fascinating play. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-1664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies is pleasant and civilized, though a trifle thin in spots. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN—A high-spirited farce about the problems confronting boys and girls who are trying to get on the stage. A bit of professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. With Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael. (Wind-or, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

SEPARATE ROOMS—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

TOBACCO ROAD—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 17. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE—Lillian Hellman's story of a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the best American play. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6303. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

HELL-A-POPPIN'—This free-for-all is now rounding out its third season. Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton have taken over the Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

IT HAPPENS ON ICE—Some of the greatest skaters in the world turned loose on one of the biggest stages. Joe Cook has dropped out, but there are several new numbers. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is superb in Moss Hart's musical fantasy, which otherwise might be rather tiresome. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—Victor Moore's efforts to clean up New Orleans are hampered by Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people. A fine musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MEET THE PEOPLE—Some of this Hollywood revue is familiar and some of it is dull, but the girls and the music are both attractive enough. (Mansfield,

47, W. CI 5-5357. 8:40. Mat. 2:40. Sat. Closes Sat., May 10.)

PAL JOEY—John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series successfully transplanted to the stage with the assistance of Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, and George Abbott. Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and some of his little playmates. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

PANAMA HATTIE—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6975. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE HAPPY DAYS—Zoë Akins' adaptation of Claude André Puget's story "Les Jours Heureux." with Diana Barrymore. Opens Tues., May 13. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild presenting "The Pirates of Penzance." Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 8 and 10, and Thurs. and Sat. Eves., May 15 and 17; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

PAUL BUNYAN—An operetta, with a libretto by W. H. Auden and music by Benjamin Britten. Thurs. through Sat. Eves., May 8-10, at 8:40, and Sat. Aft., May 10, at 2:40. (Brander Matthews Hall, Columbia University. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry and his orchestra will play for dancing in the Trianon Room until it closes on Tues., May 13. The following night Jules Lande's orchestra will move into the Garden, which is reopening with a benefit.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Felix Ferry is in charge of things, which should give you a good idea. Bob Knight's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1000)—More white palms than you can shake a rumba at. Yvette sings and there's music by Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Every night for the every-nighters. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeably unhurried retreat, with Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras on hand to help you relax.

MONTÉ CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—Right at the moment they're making a big to-do over three strip-teasers. John Buckmaster contributes more conventional entertainment. Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

PARK LANE, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—William Scott's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room until 10 p.m. or so (until midnight Thurs.).

PIAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The De Marcas dance both early and late in the Persian Room, and Paul Haakon dances there, too, at the dinner hour. In between times the patrons dance to Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 p.m.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Way, way up there, you'll find Mili Monti, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 p.m. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is now playing in the informal Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof is reopening for the season on Thurs., May 8, with Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegard continues to preside over the Café Lounge, where Emile Pettit's orchestra plays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue. Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Among the East Side's larger ones. Joe E. Lewis is there, and the music is by Maximilian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show headed by Rosario and Antonio will be in the Sert Room until it closes on Tues., May 13. The following night a

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BOURJOIS NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

benefit will reopen the Starlight Roof, with Cugat's orchestra and a show headed by Margo.

SUPPER CLUBS—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a handbox of a place, with Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs and Betty Bryant supplies the nostalgic numbers. . . . **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence singing sly ditties every night, except Mon. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **MONTFARNASSE**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): very Old Russian, with an orchestra and a show. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Will Hollander's orchestra, at the dinner hour only. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Gene Krupa's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): José Morand's orchestra. . . . **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Ford Harrison's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded retreat, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

Among the early-blooming sidewalk cafés in the Village are those of the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8, and the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 24 5 Ave., at 9.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): specializing in South Sea atmosphere. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-0858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show. . . . **GAY WHITE WAY**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White's big place has Gus Arnheim's orchestra and a show.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland, Pee Wee Russell, Eddie Condon, etc., play in this Village landmark every night, except Mon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Stuff Smith's band is on hand nightly, except Tues. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio perform in this new place six nights a week; on Tues., a juke box.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **KRECHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

BECKMANN—A minor retrospective of paintings by this cryptic but frequently rewarding modern German artist: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

BELLOWS—Lithographs and drawings, showing that the old master was pretty good after all, especially in his less pretentious moments: Allison, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 29.

BENTON—New paintings, in his first showing in two years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

BLATAS—Oils, smudgily Soutineque in treatment but

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forceful and well-organized: French Art, 51 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. **BRITISH**—The Edward T. Stotesbury collection of portraits, including many good examples by Raeburn, Hoppner, Lawrence, and Romney: O'Toole, 24 E. 64. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 23.

DALI—Recent oils, perhaps a little tamer in style than we're used to but done with all his accustomed technical virtuosity: Julien Levy, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

DOVE—New paintings, deeper in color but as whirly and fanciful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

FOLINSBEE—Briskly painted Maine landscapes, with a few less successful figure studies: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

FRENCH—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: small paintings by modern members of the Paris school, plus a set of superlative ink and pencil drawings by Henri Matisse. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **LILLENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Fragonard, Dufy, Derain, and other eighteenth-century and modern French masters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: the annual midseason retrospective, featuring good pieces by Nassos Daphnis, Lehduska, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17. . . . **VENDOME**, 23 W. 56: rugged landscapes by Herbert Deckelmann lead a group of works by five painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 24.

KERKAM AND GRAHAM—The first is best in his small, economically handled still lifes; the second shows witty, Picassoesque abstractions: Artists', 113 W. 13. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 10); through Mon., May 12.

MARSH—Big, swirling water colors and some smaller, more perceptive oils, all concerned with New York and its people: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A slightly bric-a-brack but occasionally interesting exhibition of paintings, porcelains, etc., illustrating the influence of the China Trade on American and European art. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 21.

OZENFANT—Three shows—**BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: a small but fairly comprehensive retrospective of works from 1918 to the present. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: "Biological Life," his big, slightly cluttered mural-like painting. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **PASSEDOUT**, 121 E. 57: retrospective showing of drawings, pastels, and water colors. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

PACH—Paintings, quite respectable in themselves, by a man even better known for his art criticism: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

PERCE—Family life in Maine, this artist's usual subject, here seems pleasanter than ever: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

PRINTS—At the **GROLIER CLUB**, 47 E. 60: representative showing of etchings, engravings, and drawings by Jacques Callot, the seventeenth-century master. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 1. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: nicely chosen collection of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century prints, mainly by Dutch and Flemish artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 16.

SCULPTURE—At the **VILLAGE SQUARE**, 6 Ave. at 8: the third outdoor exhibition of the always lively Sculptors Guild. Daily 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8: small works by Sascha Brastoff. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 7.

SELIGMANN—Surrealist paintings and drawings, done

in a curiously macabre, savagely effective style that is this artist's own: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. **SOLOSTAROFF**—Oils, bold in design if at times a little confused in color: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 10.

SOYER—Moses Soyer shows gently sympathetic figure studies, mainly of city types: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 12.

UTRILLO—Loan show of paintings, principally of his early "white" period: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 31.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Comprehensive and generally enjoyable memorial show of oils, drawings, and other works by Jerome Myers, that specialist in painting New York's East Side. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

HERE AND THERE—At the **FINDLAY**, 69 E. 57: paintings by Alexander Z. Kruse. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54: paintings by Moholy-Nagy. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 25. . . . **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: paintings by Roy MacNicol. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17. . . . **PEN AND BRUSH CLUB**, 16 E. 10: members' exhibition of paintings and sculptures. Daily, except Thurs., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30. . . . **ARDEN**, 460 Park, at 57: water colors and drawings by Desha. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., May 17. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by Esther Worden Day and Mark Baum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings by Fred Bliss. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24. . . . **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: paintings by Svetoslav Roerich. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17. . . . **HARLOW, KEPPEL**, 670 5 Ave., at 53: official British drawings, by Captain Anthony Gross, of London under bombardment. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 24.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

ALL-AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA—Stokowski conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 16, at 8:45. **DESSOFF CHOIRS**—Assisted by the New Friends of Music Orchestra, Boecple conducting, in the first performance of "Nicolas de Flue," a new work by Honegger: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., May 8, at 8:45.

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—Assisted by the Down Town Glee Club, Lefebvre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., May 9, at 8:30.

DOCTORS' ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY—Mahler conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., May 9, at 8:30. (Soloist: Piastor.)

DRAMATIC ORATORIO FESTIVAL FOUNDATION—Presenting Verdi's Requiem: Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Mon. Eve., May 12, at 8:30. (6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call SU 7-1514.)

WELSH WOMEN'S CHORUS—Roberts conducting: Town Hall, Mon. Eve., May 12, at 8:30.

NATIONAL MUSIC LEAGUE—Some of its younger members in a chamber-music concert: Town Hall, Tues. Aft., May 13, at 3.

SPANISH PROGRAM—Songs, dances, and music in the third of a series of special concerts: Museum of Modern Art, Wed. Eve., May 14, at 9. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL—Performances by choruses and orchestras from various colleges in the city: Hunter College, Fri. Eve., May 16, at 8:30. (Park at 68. For tickets, call ED 4-5400.)

PEOPLE'S CHORUS OF NEW YORK—Camilleri conducting: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., May 16, at 8:45. (For tickets, call VA 6-2357.)

CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN'S GLEE CLUB—McCulloch conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Sat. Eve., May 17, at 8:30.

OPERA

SALMAGGI COMPANY—Tentative schedule: "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 16; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., May 17; at 8:30. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tues. and Wed. Afts., May 13-14, at 3:15; Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs. and Fri. Afts., May 15-16, at 3:15, and Sat. Aft., May 17, at 3. . . . **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. Aft., May 8, at 3:15; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. Aft., May 9, at 3:15, and Sat. and Sun. Afts., May 10-11, at 3. . . . **EBBETS FIELD**: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thurs. Aft., May 8, at 3.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Ken Overlin vs. Billy Soose, for the middleweight title, 15 rounds, Fri., May 9; Lew Jenkins vs. Bob Montgomery.





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

catchweights, 10 rounds. Fri., May 16. (Preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.)

CREW—On SAT. AFT., MAY 10—Childs Cup, Princeton-Columbia-Pennsylvania, Princeton: freshmen at 5:30; junior varsity at 6; varsity at 6:30. . . . Goldthwait Cup, Harvard-Princeton-Yale, 150-lb. crews, Cambridge: freshmen at 4:30; junior varsity at 4:45; varsity at 5. . . . Rutgers-Dartmouth-Boston University, New Brunswick: varsity at 1:30. SAT. AFT., MAY 17—Carnegie Cup, Cornell-Princeton-Yale, Ithaca: freshmen at 6:30; junior varsity at 6:45; varsity at 7. . . . Adams Cup, Navy-Harvard-Pennsylvania, Annapolis: freshmen at 4; junior varsity at 4:30; varsity at 5.

DOG SHOW—Orange Kennel Club, South Orange, Sat., May 17, at 10 A.M.

FENCING—National Individual Championships, foil, épée, and sabre: Fencers Club, 320 E. 53, Sun. Aft., May 11, at 2.

GOLF—Triangular Team Matches, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Wed., May 14, at 1 P.M., and Thurs., May 15, at 9 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Lakeville Club, Great Neck, Fri. through Sun., May 16-18, at 10 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Rock Spring Club, West Orange, Fri. through Sun., May 16-18, at 9 P.M.

HORSE SHOW—Washington Show, Chevy Chase, Md., Fri. and Sat., May 16-17, at 10 A.M., and Sun., May 18, at 2:30 P.M.

HUNT RACES—Radnor Hunt, Berwyn, Pa., Sat. Aft., May 10, at 3. . . . Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Wed. and Sat. Afts., May 14 and 17, at 3.

RACING—Daily at Jamaica, at 2:15 P.M.; through Sat., May 10. The Grey Lag Handicap, May 10. (Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on Thurs. and Fri., and between 12:05 and 1:40 P.M. on Sat.) . . . The Preakness, Pimlico, Sat. Aft., May 10. . . . Belmont Park opens Mon., May 12; races weekdays at 2:15 P.M. The Fashion Stakes and Toboggan Handicap, May 12; the Withers, May 17. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:30 P.M. on Sat., and between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. on other weekdays.)

SPEEDBOATS—The annual Albany-New York Marathon on Sun., May 11, will start from Albany at 7 A.M. and finish at Dyckman St. at about 10 A.M.

TRACK—Metropolitan Championships, Randalls Island, Sat., May 10, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Heptagonal Championships, Princeton, Sat., May 17, at 1 P.M.

TRAPSHOOTING—National Amateur Championship, N.Y.A.C., Travers Island, Fri., May 9, at 1 P.M., Sat., May 10, at 9 A.M., and Sun., May 11, at 11 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

AFRICAN PLAINS—The Bronx Zoo's new exhibit showing wild animals on the prowl in more or less natural settings is now open. For a fairly direct way of getting there by car from mid-Manhattan, follow the East River Drive north to its end, cross the Harlem River and continue north on the Grand Concourse to Fordham Rd., then turn east to the Zoo entrance.

DIAMONDS—A several-million-dollar collection of jewels, many of them famous and some of them privately owned, in an exhibition for British War Relief: Cartier, 5 Ave. at 52. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 17.

COSTUMES—American wedding dresses of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Weekdays, except Tues., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

GARDEN EXHIBITIONS—The gardens of Mrs. William Ziegler, Jr., 116 E. 55; Mrs. William L. Burton II, 129 E. 69; Mrs. Henry F. Wolff, 15 E. 69; Mrs. Stephen H. Philbin, 174 E. 70; and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, 168 E. 71; Mon., May 12, from 2:30 to 6:30 P.M. (For tickets, write to the City Gardens Club, 598 Madison.) . . . The gardens of Miss Katharine Cornell, 23 Beekman Pl.; Mrs. Edgar Stern, 19 Beekman Pl.; Gene Davis, 444 E. 57; Harry Wanger, 345 E. 57; Mrs. Stephen A. Koshland, 156 E. 62; and Maurice Wertheim, 33 E. 70; Tues., May 13, from 2:30 to 5:30 P.M. (For tickets, call Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, WI 2-0882.)

SILVER MINIATURES—A large loan exhibition of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English pieces, a

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 17. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

benefit for British War Relief: James Robinson, 716 5 Ave., at 56. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 22.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—The Edward S. Knapp collection of United States and foreign stamps; Thurs. through Sat. Afts., May 8-10, at 2, and Thurs. and Fri. Eves., May 8-9, at 8:15. . . . European and American paintings from the fifteenth century to the present, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Schaeffer, Anthony Hordern, Mrs. Gates W. McGarrah, and others: Thurs. Eve., May 8, at 8:15. . . . Dr. Preston Poppe Satterwhite's collection of French, English, and Italian furniture, Oriental and Spanish rugs, and tapestries, porcelains, silver, and glassware: Fri. and Sat. Afts., May 9-10, at 2. . . . The second part of the A. Edward Newton collection of books and manuscripts: Wed. through Fri. Eves., May 14-16, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., May 15, at 2.

NOTE—The outdoor roller-skating rink at Rockefeller Center is now open.

MOTION PICTURES

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY—Quite a special brand of underworld story, put together by Ben Hecht, with such performers as Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., May 9.)

BACK STREET—Love and love again, with never a laugh, but a handsome film in its way. With Margaret Sullivan working wonders by all her tears and with Charles Boyer as her gentleman friend. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., May 11-13. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 13-14.)

BLACKOUT—A London thriller of spies, passion, and gallant and most unlikely adventure—all exciting. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., May 9-10. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., May 10-13. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 12-13.)

CITIZEN KANE—Orson Welles' remarkable film released at last, and not a disappointing minute in it. A study of a strange character, with his moods and his millions. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

FANTASIA—Don't be scared off by what you've heard of it. There are beautiful moments for all, and even the simplest Mickey Mouse-like has his chance. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS—Marlene Dietrich, directed by René Clair, in a very slight costume comedy that has its charms and acceptable absurdities. With Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., May 9.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS—Mystery thriller, directed by Carol Reed of "Night Train," with many a neat and sinister touch. Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams are in it. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

GO WEST—The Wild West as a playground for the Marx Brothers, who find it a funny spot. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Sat., May 10. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; starting Sat., May 17.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR—Charlie Chaplin's dissertation on the great problem of the day, with more than one delightful suggestion of the old Chaplin, too. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Tues., May 13. . . . Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Fri. through Thurs., May 9-15. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., May 10-13. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., May 13-14. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs. through Sat., May 15-17.)

KITTY FOYLE—Ginger Rogers lending quite a bit of life to the old tale, with new Christopher Morley trimmings, of the beautiful poor little working girl, her loves and woes. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 8.)

THE LADY EVE—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in a smart piece of absurdity about a millionaire and a siren. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., May 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., May 10-12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., May 10-14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., May 14.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Another British melodrama of spies, Berlin, and the outbreak of war—a general, wild hullabaloo. Very exciting indeed, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., May 8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., May 9. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., May 10. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Sat., May 11-17. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., May 16. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Sat., May 17.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKE—Although faded somewhat with the years since it was made, this French film is still of interest. "Algiers" was derived from it, you know. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49.)

THE SEA WOLF—The venerable Jack London story polished up to a bright glitter. An exciting, salty production, with Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., May 8. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 9. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Tues., May 13.)

STRAWBERRY BLONDE—Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney in a new version of "One Sunday Afternoon," that old play about the correspondence-school dentist and his troubles. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., May 15-16.)

THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT—Humphrey Bogart's latest shocker. Circus life, with lions, and also with Sylvia Sidney. (Strand, B'way at 47; opening Fri., May 9.)

REVIVALS

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian and French. With Raimu. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Mon. and Tues., May 12-13. . . . Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., May 13-14.)

CHAPLIN COMEDIES (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., May 9.)

IN NAME ONLY (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., May 13-14.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert stranded in Paris. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., May 11-12. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs. through Sat., May 15-17.)

REMBRANDT (1936)—The artist's later days. Elsa Lanchester, Gertrude Lawrence, and Charles Laughton. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., May 8.)

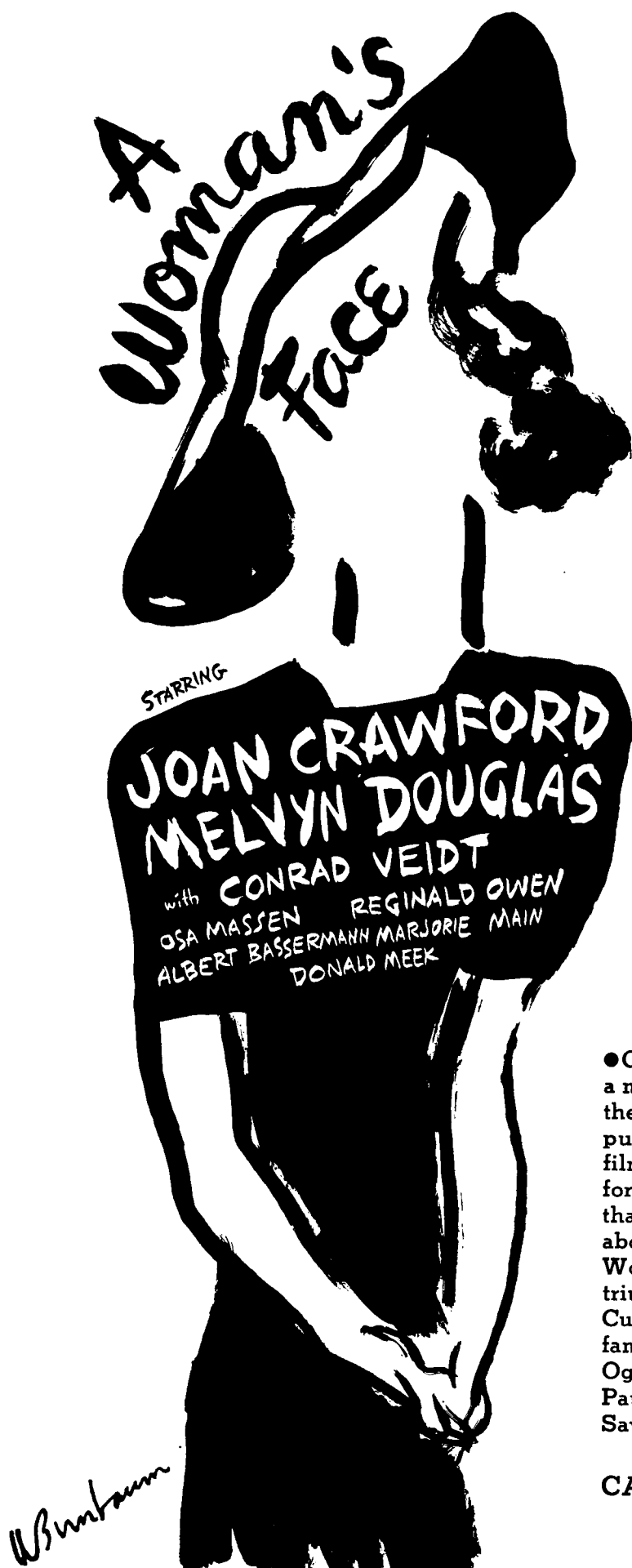
A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. and Sat., May 9-10.)

VIVACIOUS LADY (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a nightclub singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 9-11.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., May 14-16.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On THURS., MAY 8: "What! No Beer?" Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante. FRI., MAY 9: "Bombshell," Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. SAT., MAY 10: "Million Dollar Legs," Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Lyda Roberti, and Ben Turpin. SUN., MAY 11: "Trouble in Paradise," Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis, and Herbert Marshall. MON., MAY 12: "Hands Up," Raymond Griffith and Marian Nixon; and "Two Tars," Laurel and Hardy. TUES., MAY 13: "High and Dizzy," Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." WED., MAY 14: "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. THURS., MAY 15: four 1915 Chaplin films. FRI., MAY 16: four 1914 Chaplin films. SAT., MAY 17: four 1915 Chaplin films.





● Once a year the gossip about a motion picture gets around the country so fast that the public knows an unusual film is on the way even before seeing it. Here's one that's already being talked about as the Best of 1941. "A Woman's Face", is another triumph by director George Cukor of "Philadelphia Story" fame. Screenplay by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul. Produced by Victor Saville. An M-G-M Picture.

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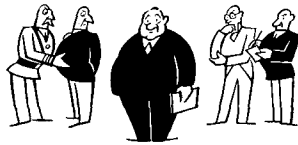
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

HITLER on Olympus and the swastikas unfurled over the Acropolis did something very violent to our mythology and also to the idea there might be places in the world still immune to time and war. Now we read of another disturbing visitation, much nearer home: the British have finally decided to allow automobiles in Bermuda. The doom of the horse and the bicycle is spelled in the Caribbees, and the trail of the blue exhaust already lies along the quiet roads from Somerset to St. George. War came to the Western Hemisphere on the day that that was done.

AND what were people here doing, you ask, in those breathless hours just before the nation went to war? What were they up to in the great, peaceful city, still intact and lovely in the sun? Well, Sophie Tucker's autobiography was ready at last. It was called "The Last of the Red Hot Mamas" and it was being bound in asbestos. Dr. J. H. Frazier, a Yonkers physician, had developed a drink with all the nutritive value of beefsteak and the taste of a chocolate soda. Mr. P. I. Prentice, the publisher of *Time*, had set aside a cell for himself, containing only a table, a chair, a rug, and silence. It was called the Think Room. Some broody little girls up at the Brearley School had formed a secret society to make fun of arithmetic, and, in Flatbush Court, Magistrate Joseph De Andrea dismissed all charges against the Brooklyn baseball fan who slugged an umpire. The newspaper editors of the town were writing tenderly about the death of a cow called Elsie, somehow associated with the advertising business. Black silk stockings were said to be coming back, as well as the cancan, and the Reverend Hugo Dressler, a Lutheran divine, attacked the unwholesome influence of

New York on young Lutherans. The gentlemen of the Hearst press were busy accusing young Mr. Orson Welles of Communism because a moving picture of his spoke disrespectfully about their employer. There was considerable de-



bate about whether Hugh S. Johnson was too fat or too frank to go on being a general, and the military situation was also touched on briefly by *Town & Country*, a magazine devoted to the rumpus in the smart set. "What with enlistments and the draft, the extra-man problem is nightly becoming more acute," it reported glumly. Everything was much as usual, as the clouds piled up on the pale, distant rim of the Atlantic.

KEEPING in step with the times, Director Wagner Schlesinger of the Fels Planetarium, in Philadelphia, has replaced the classic symbols of the constellations with characters out of Disney. Ursa Major and Cygnus, the Swan, have turned into Pluto the Pup and Donald Duck, respectively. Boötes



is Madame Upanova, the ostrich ballerina in "Fantasia," and Gemini, the Twins, are Mickey and Minnie Mouse. This may be a step in the right direction, but we are afraid that it isn't going to be entirely satisfactory to anybody but the children who inhabit planetariums. It will be difficult, in our midnight sorties in search of peace, to look at Donald Duck and get anything but a sense of cosmic fury. The effect on

Love, we imagine, may well be fatal. We can picture it all now—the soft night, the treacherous emotions that lead to surrender, the masculine voice at the other end of the canoe murmuring, "Look, dear, that bunch of stars up there! It's the girl ostrich."

A WOMAN of thirty we happen to know spent part of a recent afternoon fishing through an old trunk containing relics of her childhood, and was delighted to find, among the dolls' clothes and memory books, her small, forgotten collection of war-savings stamps. It was a modest windfall, but one with sentimental implications, and she felt that the money ought to go in a lump toward some special purpose. Eventually, having read that the government now wants everyone to buy baby bonds for defence, she decided it would be an appropriate, if wry, gesture to spend it on two of these and give them to her eight-year-old daughter. It was not until later that she remembered where the stamps had come from in the first place, and realized what a very apt investment she was making. Each of them had been her reward for hoarding a pint of peach pits (which were somehow useful in making gas masks) and had been given to her by her grandfather, a Civil War veteran who, in 1918, felt it his duty to put as much of his pension as he could spare back into active service. She is planning to keep the bonds where they won't be overlooked in 1951, at which time, she hopes, the money will be demobilized at last, and her daughter can squander it with a cheerful conscience—possibly on a Paris frock.

THIS magazine printed some interesting ads last week, we think. "COOL OASIS FOR SUMMER IN TOWN" was the caption under a picture of a nice, hospitable-looking babe in a skintight bodice. Either Buick or Macy's—we

couldn't figure which—tried to sell us an automobile so that we could spend the gasoline money saved by Compound Carburetion in the Little Shop. It was suggested that it would be clever to live on Park Avenue because it would give us more time to work for charity. Schiaparelli's *Salut* perfume, we learned, is "perfect with this Spring's sloping shoulders." It was suggested to us that there was no reason under the sun we couldn't go right on reading our book while we massaged our gums. "When I visit Mexico again," a lady in a canned-food ad sang, "I'll have swallowed more miles of Tamales than I'll travel by train." Finally, we learned that a new dress fabric is called Pucker Up and that "Tootal linen is 'Tebilized.'" Quite an issue.



O.

IN the Goliath-and-Goliath feud between Citizen Hearst and Orson Welles, the wonder boy is at present one up. As you may possibly know, the Hearst press is under strict orders to ignore Welles, except for a series of articles pointing out that he is a menace to American motherhood, freedom of speech and assembly, and the pursuit of happiness; otherwise, no mention of that hated name, even in listings of radio programs or dramatic news from New York. Well, the Los Angeles *Examiner* is conducting a campaign to raise money for the relief of the inhabitants of Colima, Mexico, which recently suffered an earthquake, and anybody who contributes to this fund gets his name in the *Examiner*. The impish Mr. Welles, as alert as the next man to the misfortunes of a Mexican, sent the *Examiner* twenty-five dollars. The editorial suffering caused by this kindly action was indescribable. (We had a first-hand report from a man who hopes to become a journalist but is at present employed at the *Examiner*.) Finally, they included Welles in the daily list, thus: "O. Welles, \$25.00." Ho, hum.

Departure

THE other morning, we watched the departure of the Dixie Clipper, with twenty-two passengers for Lisbon and eleven for Bermuda. It was quiet and, so we were assured by the airport people, quite as it usually is. There was, of course, none of the gaiety that used to attend prewar liner sailings, but there were few signs of sadness and almost no tears.

The passenger list for Lisbon included Fred Bate, N.B.C.'s London commentator; a Dr. Rees, returning to England after a vacation trip to Australia; Pierre Aubert, a dapper, elderly Frenchman; a couple of American Army officers; a British art dealer named Forrer; Ronald Steel of the British Purchasing Commission; a Mr. Fisher, on his way to London to be second secretary of the American Embassy; and a sprinkling of British businessmen. All of them had, apparently, good reasons for making the flight, but they didn't want to explain them. The City News Association man assigned to the airport was trying to interview the passengers and, for the most part, was getting replies like "No questions, please," "I'm sorry," and "Sorry, nothing to say." Mrs. Robert Sainsbury, the sole woman passenger for Lisbon, did unbend to the extent of saying that she was "a British housewife," and that she had come over here to leave her two children.

The Clipper was scheduled to take off at nine-thirty, and some of the passengers were at the airport by eight, for the checking-in. All baggage is inspected by company officials. (The customs people aren't ordinarily concerned about departures, of course.) Guns and cameras are the chief objects of the search. Guns have to be left behind; cameras are sealed and returned to the owners at Lisbon or Bermuda. The only other wartime regulation is that military officers of belligerent nations must wear mufti. Passports are checked, also by a Pan American employee. The airline takes this precaution because if a passenger's passport turned out at his destination to be irregular, the line would have the responsibility of bringing him back to the United States. So far, only minor passport difficulties have arisen and a long-distance call to Washington has settled each one. Added to all this procedure is the regular checking-in routine of domestic flights, including the weighing of passengers and baggage. The passengers' scale has a dial visible only to the airline clerk, to spare the feelings of stout passengers.

After the checking-in, a Pan American hostess with a sugarmouth Southern accent invites the passengers to the customs room (used by the government men only on incoming flights) for a breakfast of fruit juice, Danish pastry, and coffee. This serves the double purpose of keeping the passengers rounded up and, by giving them something to do,

allaying last-minute nervousness. Meanwhile mail, baggage, and cargo are loaded into the Clipper. It took on 2,967 pounds of mail the morning we were there, some serum consigned to the United States Embassy in Madrid, and a propeller shaft for the United States naval base in Bermuda. First the crew, eleven in all, is taken from the administration building to the dock by limousine, a distance of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards. Then, after a second checkup of credentials, this time under the eye of a plainclothes representative of the Naval Intelligence Division, the passengers are driven to the dock. Visitors must stay behind. That morning the takeoff was delayed about fifteen minutes because of trouble with something in one of the four engines. A man told us that if further delay had been threatened, the passengers would have been brought back for a Scotch-and-soda on the house.

Toast

A COUPLE of men-about-town, or at any rate a couple of men who were about town last Thursday night, rolled into a bar on Lexington Avenue in the Forties around one-thirty and at three o'clock were still there, the only customers in the place. So one of them said to the waiter, who was a rather clean-cut youngster, "Just give us a nightcap and we'll drink it in a hurry and leave quietly. We know you and the bartender want to get us out and close up." "I don't care when you go," said the waiter cheerfully. "Not tonight. Matter of fact, this is my last night here. I've been drafted and I leave tomorrow." On hearing that, the two men-about-town got sentimental and gave the boy a five-dollar bill as a going-away present. This almost overwhelmed him and had quite an effect on the bartender, too. He came out from behind the bar with a tray bearing four glasses of whiskey. "That was a very nice thing what you gentlemen did for Mike," he said, "and I propose we drink to Mike's health. I'm gonna miss him around here. He's a good boy." With that he lifted his glass and Mike and the two customers lifted theirs, and the bartender, evidently a young Italian, said, "Here's to Mike and here's to our country. She's a god-damn fine country."

Reformed Villain

PAUL LUKAS, who, as the political refugee in Lillian Hellman's "Watch on the Rhine," is considered by some

dramatic critics to be giving the season's best performance, was originally asked by Herman Shumlin, the play's producer, to take the part of the villain, the Count de Brancovis. Shumlin thought of Lukas because he has played so many villainous parts in the movies, but Lukas, on reading the play, persuaded Shumlin that he would do better as the hero. We obtained this information at approximately three o'clock the other afternoon from Mr. Lukas in his apartment at 995 Fifth Avenue. He received us in bed, where he was eating ham and matzoth, and informed us that this was the last bit of food he would have until after the evening performance. "You can't play the part of Kurt Mueller with a contented stomach," he said. "After the show, I go to Sardi's for a little steak a couple of inches thick." Mr. Lukas advised us that the strain of his rôle is not lightened by the fact that at one point he has to pick up George Coulouris, who plays the part of the Count, and carry him into the wings. "The son of a gun weighs a hundred and ninety pounds and should go on a diet," said Mr. Lukas. "I am playing a lot of tennis with him, to get his weight down." Lukas is a first-rate tennis player and plays several days a week at Rip's courts on Sutton Place South, often with Frank Shields, Sidney Wood, or Katharine Hepburn, whose weight he considers O.K.

Lukas was born in Budapest in 1895. In 1913 he enlisted in the Austro-Hungarian Army, partly to avoid going into his father's advertising business. "I double-crossed the old man," he said, "and the war double-crossed me." He started out in the cavalry and ended up an aviator. He had always wanted to be an actor, and after the war he joined the company of the Comedy Theatre in Budapest. This theatre operated on the repertory principle, which, Lukas believes, is the principle theatres *should* operate on. He came here in 1927, when Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky, who had seen him play in Budapest, signed him up for a movie with Pola Negri. Since then he has appeared in over fifty pictures. Prior to his present rôle, his only stage experience in America was in a re-

vival of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" in 1937. He has a home in Palm Springs and an apartment in Hollywood, and left them gladly when Mr. Shumlin tapped him for the Hellman play. "The writing is so right you don't have to learn the part; it sticks to you," he said. "I amuse myself by changing a gesture occasionally." Lukas always wore a mustache in the movies but shaved it off in the interest of realism, feeling that a hunted man like Kurt Mueller would have no such obvious identification mark.

We asked Mr. Lukas whether he didn't live pretty far uptown—Eighty-first Street—for an actor, and he said that he and his wife, a Hungarian girl, had first stayed at a hotel in the Forties but he got disgusted with it when he was charged eighty cents for grapefruit juice. "I tried prune juice," he said, "and that cost eighty cents too. I saw this place from a taxi last week on my way to my oculist and took an apartment here. I have an icebox and I buy my own prune juice for nine cents a



can, from which I get two glasses." Mr. Lukas offered us a glass of prune juice, which we declined, and announced that he was perfectly adjusted to his present life except for a feeling of dissatisfaction caused by the fact that he hardly ever sees any notices of his present work. He told us that his wife clips them while he is still asleep and sends them to her mother on the Coast, a Hungarian lady who doesn't know a word of English.

Lukas's acting in "Watch on the Rhine" is probably influenced by a strong sympathy he has for the play's point of view; he feels the world is in grave danger of falling back into the Middle Ages. He made some moving pictures in London a few years ago and developed an admiration for the English. This was intensified recently when he received a letter from His Majesty's Government to the effect that a refund of thirty-seven pounds

was due him because of an excessive income-tax payment he had made in 1939. "It's marvellous that they have the time and decency to do this just now," he said. He wrote the revenue people to turn the money over to war relief.

Solicitude

AN adventurous girl we know decided recently to emigrate to California. She used almost all her savings getting out there, and on her arrival registered at the California State Employment Bureau. A motherly, large-bosomed lady helped her fill out her application, and said she had no doubt that a job would turn up soon; she'd hear from them. As the girl was leaving, the large lady wagged a finger at her and said earnestly, "Now, if we get you a job that you don't like, you come straight back here and tell me.

The State of California wants you to be happy."

Foil Hitler!

LOTS of people are zealously collecting tin foil for Britain without knowing exactly what happens to the foil, or how it helps Britain. This item is intended to bring everybody abreast of the situation. Well, in the first place you'd do well to call what you're saving "metal foil," because there's little real tin foil around. You'll find it used for cheese wrappings, and that's about all. The foil around cigarette packages, for example, is an alloy composed of ninety-six per cent lead and only four per cent tin. The Pure Food and Drug Act prohibits wrapping foodstuffs in lead or composition foil, so your candy bar is done up in aluminum foil—costs less than tin foil and goes further. Pure tin foil is easy to spot—golden in color and voluptuous to the touch. Aluminum foil is light, shiny, and crinkly, and when you tear it, it makes a gay little tinkling sound. Lead foil is lumpish and utterly uninteresting.

Foil saved in this country eventually finds its way to a number of collection agencies. We got our dope from the Metal-Foil Division of the British War Relief Society. This organization receives about four hundred pounds every day, and the foil is sorted out by lady volunteers. When two tons of foil have accumulated at headquarters, the lot is sold to a metal jobber at prices averaging three cents a pound for lead foil, ten for aluminum, and eleven for tin. The War Relief people are interested only in the money realized from the sale of foil and do not know (or care, particularly) whether the foil itself is used for armaments. Lead foil, for instance, might be used in bullets or it might equally well wind up in house paint. It's an odds-on bet that whatever tin and aluminum is collected these days will figure in the defence program, the aluminum in airplane bodies and the tin in precision instruments.

Foil-savers are urgently requested not to wad their foil up into a lump. It can't be sold until it has been pressed out flat and sorted. Hundreds of gifts of foil have to be thrown away because the volunteers can't unwad them.

Interest

MOUSING through the Criminal Courts Building in search of an instructive or enthralling bit of legal



"Oh, Miss Finnegan, which little piggy was it had roast beef?"

procedure, a young law student paused in front of a courtroom guarded by a sleepy bailiff and asked what case they were trying in there. "Some guy issued some kind of false statement," the bailiff mumbled drowsily. "Not very interesting, I suppose?" the young student said tentatively. The bailiff sat up and thought for a moment, then said, "Interesting to him, I guess."

Darkest Bronx

THE opening of the African Plains last week gave the lions, zebras, antelopes, springboks, reedbucks, waterbucks, nyalas, hartebeests, wart hogs, demoiselle cranes, and marabou storks of the Bronx Zoo their first opportunity to see a habitat group that included Mr. and Mrs. Al Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Henry Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moses, Mayor LaGuardia, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Binger, Mrs. Ruth Pratt, Oscar Richard, F. Trubee Davison, Roy Chapman Andrews, John Schiff, Walter Damrosch, Marshall Field, Grover Whalen, and Suydam Cutting. Except for Mr. Field's hat, which was a trifle spotty, the plumage of these creatures seemed fine to us, and undoubtedly it did to the animals, too. Mr. Smith wore a blue shirt, a light-brown derby, and a light-brown cigar, Mrs. Smith was in purple and black, Mr. Damrosch wore a black derby and a gray topcoat, Mr. Taylor a dark-blue tie and his wife a tasteful multicolored tweed jacket with hat to match, and Mr. Schiff gray flannel with a white stripe. Mr. Whalen wore a coal-black suit with a bright-blue shirt.

The ceremonies began at noon and included speeches by the Mayor; Fairfield Osborn, president of the Zoo; Borough President Lyons; and Sir Gerald Campbell, the British Minister. We arrived at 12:25, just in time to miss all these, and were handed a leaflet stating that the gates to the Plains would be opened at 12:26, whereupon the animals would occupy their new home. The Plains, incidentally, are divided into segments by stone-walled trenches twenty-five feet wide and eighteen feet deep to keep the carnivores and the other animals apart. The gates, which were beneath a bridge occupied and flanked by notables, did open at precisely 12:26. A zebra was the first animal to appear in



"You'll find parcheesi, checkers, and a dart board in the recreation hall, boys."

the new homestead, bounding out gingerly. He was followed by a few other zebras, several antelopes, and a couple of wart hogs. These made their appearance rather diffidently and a fellow-journalist from *PM*, with better eyesight than ours, told us that they were being prodded with long sticks by keepers. A loudspeaker was banging away by this time. "The ostrich won't come out!" announced the vibrant voice of Lowell Thomas, giving the situation its appropriate significance. A few minutes later five lions appeared from behind a small hill on the far section of the Plains. Four cars were parked on the safe side of one of the trenches which separated the lions from the Fordham section of the Bronx, and on the top of these newsreel men worked. "Perhaps the lions prefer the Africa of the Bronx Zoo to the real Africa," said Mr. Thomas. The lions sat down quietly on a large rock.

We followed the crowd through the ordinary, cage-ridden section of the Zoo to an open section near the primate house where a buffet lunch was served. On our way we passed a large, enclosed pit and there saw the recalcitrant ostrich, who had for company an antelope, evidently recalcitrant also. These creatures stood in one corner of the pit and eyed us, and Grover Whalen, contemptuously. On the other side of the

path, across a trench, we watched the lions from close by; two or three of them had begun to walk about moodily.

We had some cold meat and beer, listened to the Parks Department band play "The Blue Danube," and consulted a booklet which had accompanied our invitation to the day's function. "See the African Plains," we read, "with Lions, Antelopes, Zebras, and exotic birds at complete liberty." Reflecting on the strange uses the word "liberty" is put to nowadays, we boarded an orange-and-blue trailer train, left over from the World's Fair, bound for the parking space where we had left our car. "They had these at the Fair," said one of the passengers. "It makes me so homesick!"

French

WE'VE heard from a lady, who recently checked into the Madison Hotel, about how she called room service and was answered by a voice so Gallic that she felt it proper to trot out her boarding-school French while ordering her meal. The waiter also kept up his end of the conversation in French. She wound up her order with instructions to send it to Room 9-F, s'il vous plaît. "Oui, Madame," the waiter said. "F' pour 'Frank'?"

HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOURSELF

HIGH on a hilltop, awaiting an imaginative buyer, stands a historic old Colonial house built in 1722. This unspoiled pre-Revolutionary gem, ready to remodel, has a rambling two-roof level, random-width floors, and twelve huge fireplaces. The central staircase boasts a hand-wrought cherry rail. Every room in the house has beamed ceilings, built-in cupboards, butterfly shelves, honey-colored panelling, and original hardware. There are two hundred and thirty-three acres planted in barley and alfalfa, extensive woodland and orchards, a quaint old bank barn stabling twenty-one head, a Victorian carriage shed, and a log-and-stone smokehouse. There is an outside Dutch oven and an ivy-covered springhouse containing a never-failing supply of crystal-clear water. Century-old shade surrounds the house and close by is a magnificent boxwood maze. There is an excellent dam site, telephone and electric service are available, and though completely isolated, the property is adjacent to first-class schools, a shopping centre, and a main commuting line. A tired old couple would like to sacrifice the place for twelve hundred and fifty dollars and require no cash.

Pick up the real-estate section of your Sunday newspaper—lightly, between forefinger and thumb—and you will find it heavy with similar plums. At roll-top desk and kidney-shaped writing table sit serried rows of real-estate agents, combing Roget, Bartlett, and the collected works of H. D. Thoreau for the word or phrase to set your blood on fire. They play on your wishful thinking like Szigeti on his violin and leave you hot with desire.

I HAVE seen most of the great character actors, from David Warfield to C. Aubrey Smith, but for timing, make-up, and plausibility, the country real-estate agent is tops. He's always up in his part, never blows a line, and his costume is perfection. There's the David Harum type, complete with smoldering corncob and steel specs, who oozes

Yankee honesty and bulldogs you like a Brahma steer at the Pendleton Round-up. His conversation is peppered with expletives like "Dad blame" and "Cracky," well interlarded with virtuoso spittoon shots. There's the lady agent in flowered chiffon and wideawake hat, whispering details under her breath lest the owner wake up to his treasures. "Egg and dart . . . beaded Colonial . . . Adam vase . . . original fanlights!" she hisses. "Look at that perfectly sweet rattail hinge! Of course they'd never consent to sell, but it wouldn't hurt to make an offer, would it?" There's the slicker who's in with the squire and has a hatful of options, and the agent who can't see the house for the joists. His pockets overflow with calipers and his conversation with cantilever suspension, tongue and groove, roofers, and sleepers. I've even met agents who try to discourage you from buying a house; they'd much rather sell you their favorite view sixteen miles up the mountain.

Once, in a moment of aberration, I answered an ad in a country newspaper. I was met at the train by an agent transplanted from Greenwich. His name was St. Cyr, and he was simply but effectively dressed in a one-piece burlap lounge suit and white huaraches. We whizzed off in a station wagon to inspect the house. It was a stone sentry box filled with people who slept in pyramid form and cooked on the stump of a ginkgo tree in the yard. To avoid hurting their feelings, St. Cyr took me behind the barn and explained the situation. The tenants were really squatters, and would undoubtedly move if I bought the place.

"Have you ever seen something you just *had* to have?" he demanded. "I distinctly felt you vibrate to the rhythm of that lovely old room. When people find a house, I know it even if they don't. I watch for the reaction. The house, after all, is nothing. It's the total you're after—the setting, the lost life, the return to the land. Do you know the Strunks?"

"I don't think—"

"He's the one who got so much pub-

licity doing the windows for that store in Cleveland," St. Cyr went on. "They didn't know what they wanted, either, and I worked with them for months. Well, it was a day just like this, with the smell of buckwheat in the air. I felt completely sterile until I suddenly remembered the old Kovach place. As we drove up the lane a fawn was nibbling in the alders, a lovely, sleek fawn."

"I've got all the fawns I need," I objected. "I'm fawn-poor. What I want—"

"Mrs. Strunk felt it first," St. Cyr said. "A woman's intuition, of course. She saw herself in a stunning floppy hat and gardening gloves against a background of moss roses."

"What kind of a house was it?"

"House?" St. Cyr eyed me. "There wasn't any house. It burned down during the French and Indian War. But the smokehouse had truly wonderful possibilities. Of course the Strunks never realized them; the man's simply a barbarian. Do you fancy an old mill?"

"Look," I said feebly, "I just want a house. I want a house with running water and electricity. I want it near enough to a town to buy food. I want privacy and shade, and I want a view and a brook."

"You would adore the old Trap-hagen place," said St. Cyr.

"Fine," I said, reaching for my check-book. "Where is it?"

"On 233rd Street, the Bronx," he replied, and we rode back in silence to catch the 11:32 out of Trenton.

CONSIDERABLY removed from St. Cyr, yet brother in the bond, is the rural farm agent who doesn't mind picking up a commission between crops. Such a one was Cassius Swope, on the black-top road near Sinking Spring. After I had helped him bed down the cows and cultivate a field of corn, he mopped the perspiration from his face and pondered my needs.

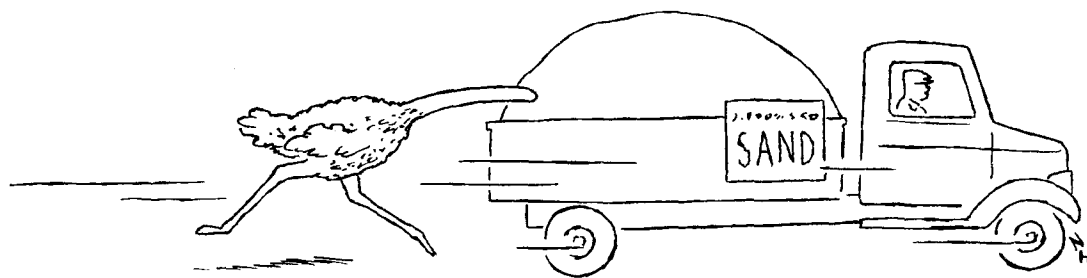
"Listen," he said at last, "I can size up a man. You want a small place—right?"

"The smaller the better."

"Then I got a beauty for you," he said triumphantly. "Nice level piece of dirt, smack on a cement highway, and she'll double your money in a year."

"How many acres on this farm?" I asked doubtfully.

"Well, she ain't exactly a farm." Swope





"May I inquire why there is no more Château Lafite?"

hesitated. "She's more of a filling station."

I explained very patiently that I was looking for a wigwam rather than an investment.

"That's what I figured." He nodded. "And it's lucky you walked in here today, because I just listed a dandy. The owner's been raising silver foxes, but he lost his shirt. Too damp—died like flies, they tell me. Yes, sir," he went on, "a man could clean out those cages, whitewash 'em, and start in with fifty squabs."

Hastily brushing him off, I leaped into my car and was about to start off when

Mr. Swope remembered another dandy. Shouldering me aside, he took the wheel and drove fourteen miles over a corduroy road to a dreary tundra where sat a bungalow fashioned of cinder block and stucco. It was shaded by two magnificent catalpa trees at least four feet high and a bed of calla lilies bloomed riotously in the front yard.

"She's modrun," Swope said, with a florid wave. "You come in off the fields and you got no stairs to climb. All on the one floor."

"Seems a little too practical," I mumbled.

"Just what I say," he agreed. "Look

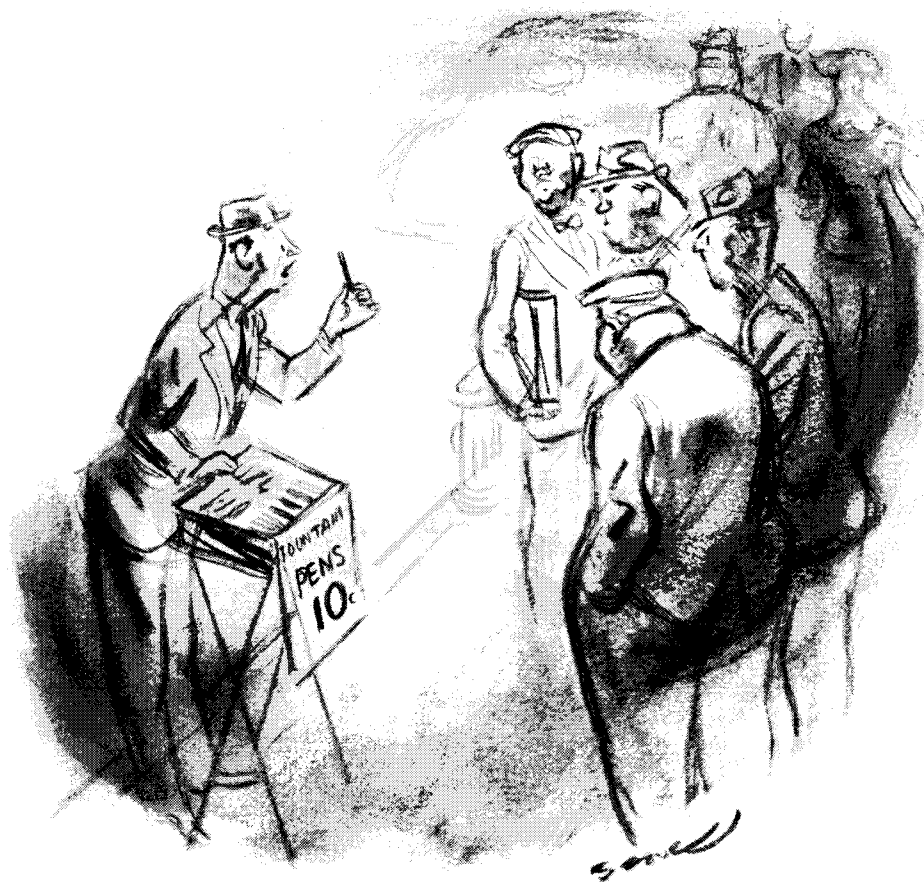
at that pigpen. Right next to the kitchen. No walking with slop pails."

"What's that pile of old boards in the back?"

"The washhouse," replied Swope. "Did I buy the place, I'd turn her into a barbecue. Be as handy as a bag of bolts." He was sketching the proposed barbecue on the back of an envelope when the chatelaine of the estate swept past, clutching a shoat.

"Tell him the wash boiler and the slaughter hooks go with the place!" she called over her shoulder.

"Say!" said Swope excitedly under his breath. "You don't run into them



*"Get out of a rut,
men! Write plays, radio scripts, short stories..."*

kind of slaughter hooks every day! Maybe she'd throw in the lard vats if you put down a cash binder." I declined the gambit and we struck out for the railhead. On the way he tried to sell me successively a tannery, a dry-cleaning establishment, and an abandoned quarry and, failing, insinuated with considerable heat that I wouldn't know a bargain if I fell over it. I slunk back to town very red in the face, convinced that somehow I had acted shamefully.

ANYBODY who plans to look over a farm values intensively needs very little equipment beyond the nerves of a steeplejack and the constitution of a Percheron. A few isolated individuals, like my Cousin Francis, are born to it. He is still looking for a house, though he started seven years before I did. Thus far he has covered New England, New Jersey, Virginia, and the Eastern Shore. The last time I saw him he had just returned from the Rangeley Lakes; said he loved the place he saw there but the trees were too tall. The next day

he read about Alfred Lunt's place in Genesee Depot and promptly caught the night train for Wisconsin. Francis hasn't got a farm, but he doesn't need one; he's living to the hilt, drawing plans on the tablecloth, reading catalogues, and getting free estimates.

The dramaturgy which attended the purchase of the nest I finally decided on would have done credit to Sardou. The owner and his wife, ostensibly solid old Pennsylvania Dutch farmers but in reality two Equity players costumed by Eaves, wiped away tears. "Nigh on forty year, Sairy," the husband murmured brokenly. I was much affected. They refused point-blank to take my money, insisted I try a cup of huckleberry wine, and shyly produced a daguerreotype of their son, who had died in youth (I now suspect at the end of a rope for stealing horses). When everybody was blubbering properly, they consented with some reluctance to visit the squire and make things legal. I loved them for it—put my arm around the old lady and used phrases like "Now, now, Mother." In my emotion I failed to see anything odd

in the fact that the impoverished couple drove me to the county seat in a brand-new Packard phaeton.

The squire had his own form for the agreement of sale, full of grammar faults and local color but as muscular as anything ever drawn up by Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood. "I aim, sir, to protect both the parties of the first part and the parties of the second part," he assured me, his seamed cheeks sparkling like pippins. I respected him at once, and made a mental note to dismiss the leech who handled my affairs and transfer them to the keeping of this courteous old gentleman. Look at that fine old head, I said to myself. It was a full minute before I realized he was addressing me with growing impatience.

"What's that?" I asked. "Oh, yes, of course." As I wrote out the check a strange feeling that I was a rabbit peering into a deadfall overcame me. For the first time I noticed what skinny, clawlike hands the squire had.

"Chase National Bank?" the squire asked suspiciously. "Is that in Lancaster County?"

"Why—er—no," I faltered.

The old farmer and his wife exchanged a quick glance. My collar suddenly became two sizes too small and I behaved like the woman taken in adultery.

"It's—it's right there in New York," I stammered.

"Right *where*?" asked the squire, his eyes black and beady.

"All over—everywhere," I said. "You wait and see."

"Wait and see *what*?" the squire said, now completely on the alert. "Say, is there any funny business about this check?"

"Oh, Pa," quavered the retired sou-brette, "I knew all the time we shouldn't have sold the old place!" At that moment I could cheerfully have bastinadoed both of them, but I was treading water and wondering whether to leave my twenty-one-jewel Waltham as evidence of good faith. At last, after a whispered consultation in which I plainly detected the words "fall guy" and "patsy," they decided to accept the check, along with my fingerprints and one eyeball. The squire now proceeded briskly to the business in hand, the execution of a contract of sale. Did I accept the encum-

branches thereto established with all rights and ways? I did indeed. Did I know that time was the essence of the agreement with all forfeits judged accordingly? Without a doubt. Was I aware of my title and did I release the parties of the first part from all and sundry parts? It was the very least I could do. I strode out of the office with an important cough and the conviction that I was a pretty shrewd article. As befitted a man of substance, I purchased a Rocky Ford five-cent cigar and stood on the courthouse steps, toying with the seals on my watch chain. Whether it was the fumes of the cigar or my new identity, I felt somewhat lightheaded. I owned a house, eighty-three acres, and all fiefs appertaining thereto. I was a landed country squire, a gentleman farmer.

By the time the train which was carrying me homeward had reached the vicinity of Newark, my delirium had subsided into a hollow sensation at the pit of the stomach. Checking over the details of my afternoon's work, I recalled several provisos to which I had recklessly indentured myself. The late owners were to remain *in situ* until the crops were harvested, dependent, of course, on finding a house that suited them; provided, naturally, that a cousin in Tierra del Fuego could be induced to sign off his inheritance of eleven acres; with the restriction, understandably, that all neighbors with three or more cows could march them through our living room to the creek. I shuddered at the thought of confronting my wife, whose views on my business acumen were a byword. I came out of Pennsylvania Station with a true death-house pallor and the feeling I had bought a zoo. I didn't want to be alone; I was frightened, and I spent most of the night in bars inveighing loudly against the noise, traffic, and congestion of big cities. I invited everybody I encountered to visit me at his earliest opportunity. "Come on down and stay as long as you like," I babbled to strangers. "We'll put some weight on you. Good old fresh milk, homemade pies, real country dinners, my boy. Put down your address on this envelope; I'll send you a sugar-cured ham." The last thing I remember was hiring the doorman of my apartment house to farm the

place on shares and live in the gatekeeper's lodge.

It took sixty days for the squire to alter his belief that I was Dapper Don Collins, and on the sixty-first we met for the final closing. We all sat at a long table in a very hot room, above a bank, hallowed by many such ceremonies. The parties of the first part—every god-damned man, woman, and boy—sat on one side. I sat opposite with my wife. I felt sorry at once she had come, for her fingernails and lips were painted and it gave a loose, honky-tonk tone to the room. The squire, at the head of the table, led off with a short, graceful speech calculated to make us feel like the authors of the Corn Laws and, in closing, suggested we make a few concessions. We agreed with cavil.

I lost every round and the squire stopped the bout at 3:15. The certified check was turned over and after casual scrutiny under infra-red rays was accepted, subject to collection. Then came

the small incidental fees: recording the deed, drawing the indenture, mortgage insurance, wear and tear and obsolescence, witness costs, and the like. My wife and I emerged from the bank avoiding each other's eyes; the parties of the first part, their sleeves full of laughter, sped like the wind to the nearest bungalow equipped with heat and running water. The die was cast. I drove back to town with only one thought: *caveat emptor*. My wife spent the trip planning our stationery and naming the place. I've got a name for it, and if you'll come out to the barn, I'll tell it to you. —A. O. GOETZ

Joan Kay, of Compo Road, is constantly a model for Harold Von Schmidt in his illustrations for popular magazines. Joan has appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* in every conceivable position and costume, and has frequently been changed into a man for illustrative purposes by the magic of the brush. Mostly, however, she is an old fashioned girl.—*Westport Town Crier*.

By the skin of her teeth, apparently.



"Well—it was ten to three, favor of the girls."

OH DEATH!

CHAPEL had been over for at least ten minutes when Burton arrived at the Carstrop School on East Sixty-ninth Street, dashed up three flights of gloomy, dark-gray stone which always seemed to sweat oil slightly, and hurried to his classroom. After spending the weekend relaxing in Brooklyn with two friends who were Williams '40 with him, he had awakened that Monday morning on the floor in front of the fireplace of their apartment, not feeling very fresh. Too much brandy the night before never made Burton feel very fresh. In fact, the long subway ride from Brooklyn had been to him a kind of physiological retreat from Dunkerque, noble but excruciating.

As often happened on these tortuous Monday mornings, old Mackenzie, Dr. Carstrop's secretary, was taking Burton's kids for him and, as usual, giving them penmanship to fill in the time. Penmanship was old Mackenzie's pas-

sion: up and down and up and down and round and round and round and round and one and two and three and four. To old Mackenzie, Burton once speculated, the Spencer who invented Spencerian handwriting must have been an immeasurably greater figure than Herbert Spencer, the philosopher. Not greater than the "Faërie Queen" Spenser, though, for old Mackenzie was a poet himself. Learning that Burton liked poetry, he had shyly begun bringing his stuff to him, and Burton would never forget an operetta, "The Chimes of Picardy," written in Spencerian on ruled paper now cracking at the edges. Of course, it was terrible, but Mackenzie was such a nice, kind, gentle old bird that Burton told him in ringing tones he thought it was swell. Mackenzie actually blushed at Burton's praise and then said with a sigh that he wished he could get it set to music; the rewards for a successful operetta, he

happened to know, were remarkably rich.

"One and two and three and four," old Mackenzie was saying.

"Thanks a million, Mac," Burton murmured. "Sorry to be late."

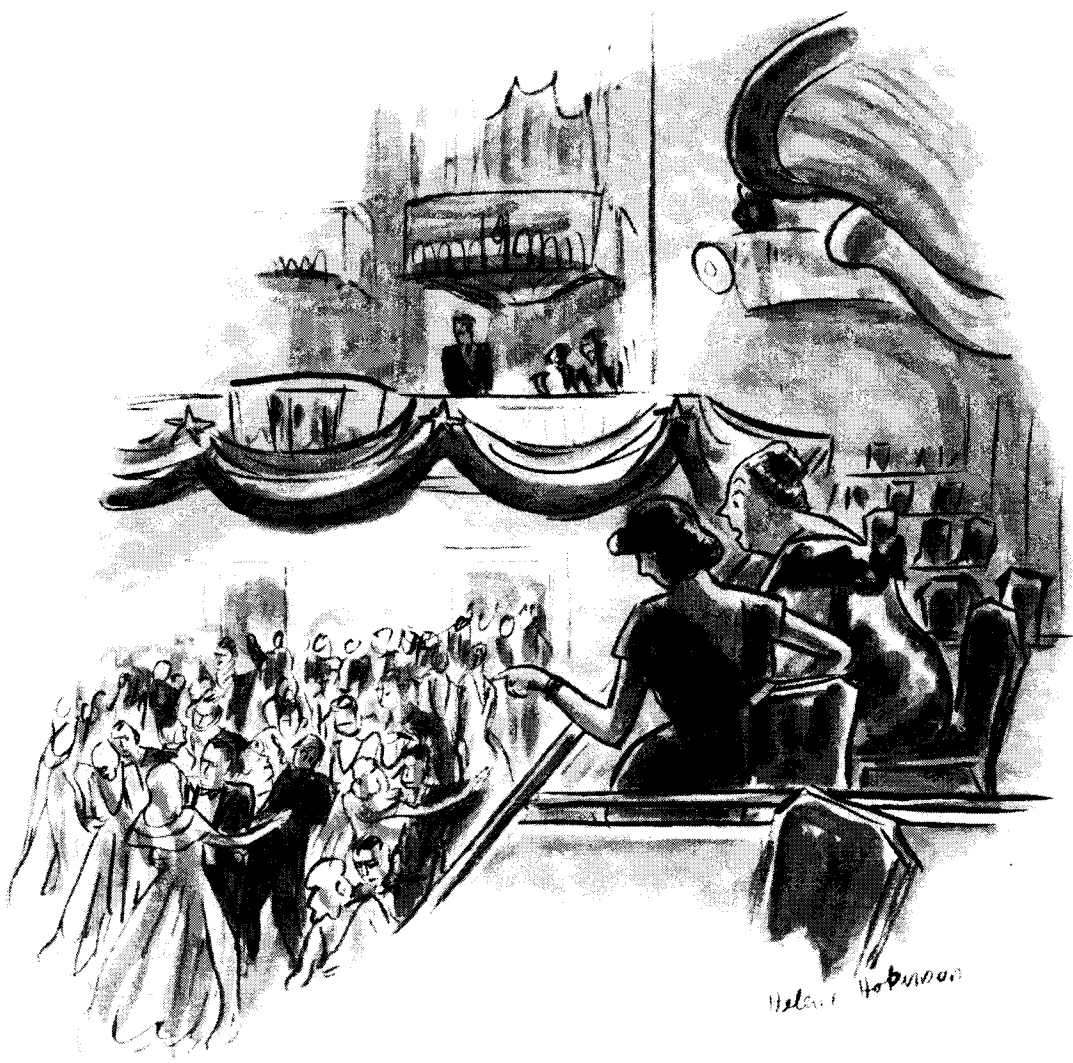
"Oh, hello," old Mackenzie said, and laid his chalk carefully in the blackboard gutter. "It's quite all right. No trouble at all." Burton hoped he wouldn't notice his hangover, but old Mackenzie gave him a quick, full glance and lowered his eyes. Naturally. How could you fool a Scotsman when you had at least two faces out to the right of your No. 1 face on a sort of catamaran arrangement? Like bad color printing. A stone-blind man could get it, if he used his extra-sensory perceptions. Ah, well, he'd be in another school soon, a pupil himself: General Marshall's Flower of Youth Academy.

"Did you hear from that magazine?"

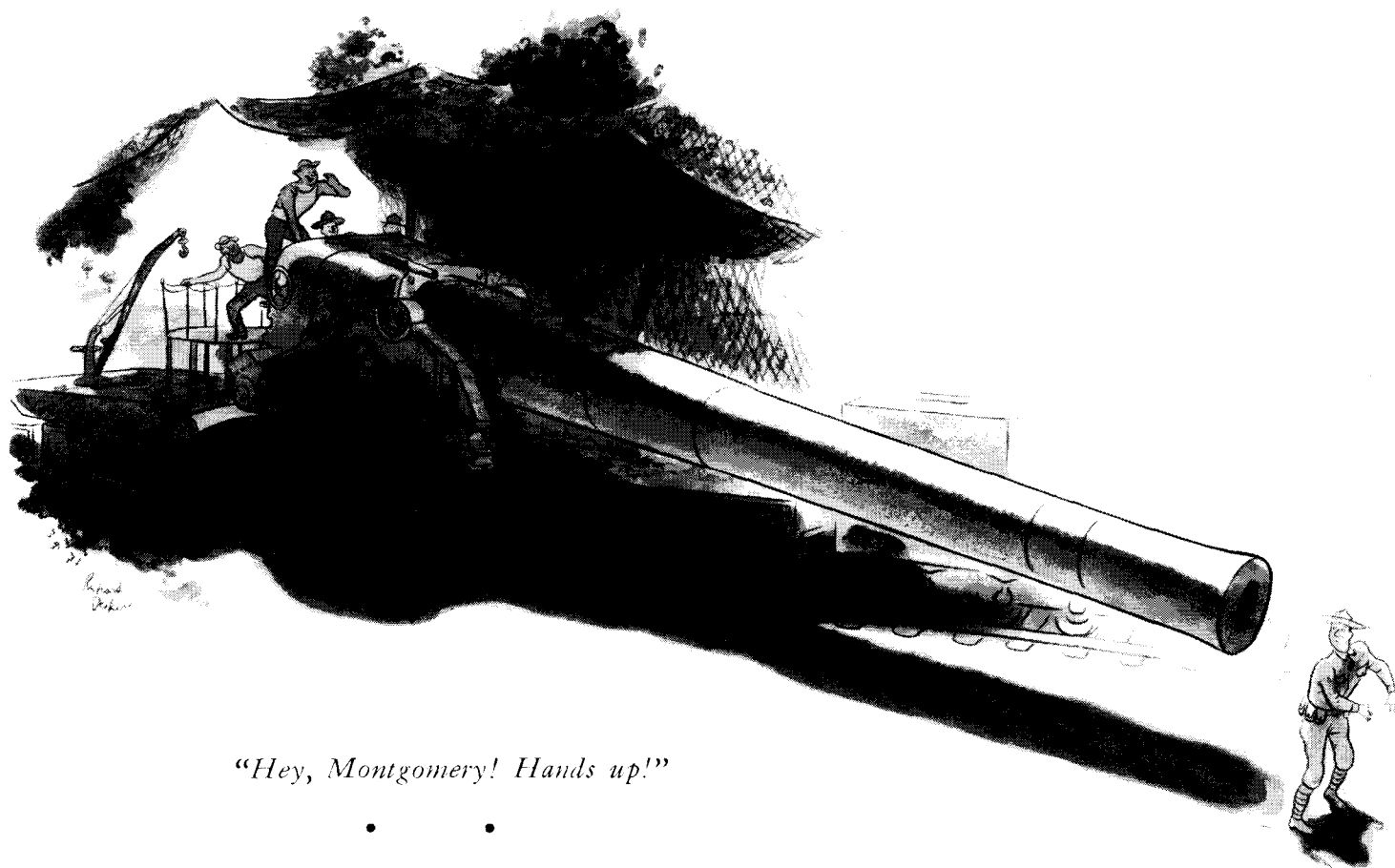
"No, not yet," old Mackenzie said.

"Don't be discouraged. It's a good sign when they keep it. If they hadn't liked it, you'd have heard by return mail."

Old Mackenzie smiled gratefully and left the room. Burton went to each of the three windows and raised them as high as possible. Even that didn't help the heavy smell of chalk dust and ten ten-year-olds much. During this, his first year of pedagogy, Burton had often wondered if a male centenarian smelled anything like his ten ten-year-olds. To be sure, only eight of them were ten, but whereas one was nine, another was eleven, so their combined ages did equal that of a centenarian. It was a nice problem in sophistry. Sixty-ninth Street looked most inviting in the sunlight, and he wished he were out there strolling from river to river. First he would go to the East River by way of the south side of the street and then he would go to the North River by way of the north side of the street and then he would go to the



"You mean that's the same Mrs. Roger Williams, Jr., that smokes Camel cigarettes?"



"Hey, Montgomery! Hands up!"

East River by way of the north side of the street and then he would go to the North River by way of the south side of the street and then the Red-White-and-Blue Esk and *this simply must not continue one second longer!* By a mighty effort of will, Burton went to the blackboard and painfully erased old Mackenzie's ups-and-downs and rounds-and-rounds. The grating of the aged felt eraser did not tone up his condition.

"Put your copybooks away, please, and get out scratch paper. We're going to learn the second verse of 'Lochinvar.'"

"Oh, thur!" cooed Beveridge, the class sycophant. He silently clapped his hands with the fingers fanned out stiff, and a look of delight, completely spurious even to a brandy hangover, lit his face.

"You be quiet," Burton said, taking a volume bound in corrugated linen of a dirty lime green from a row of books, piled backs up, on his desk. Ralston, one of the hoodlums and rather a favorite of Burton's, dropped his desk lid with a bang. "Let's try to be careful about that, Ralston."

"Sorry, sir."

Burton found Sir Walter's particular nugget in the anthology at last and began to copy the stanza on the

bleary, pocked blackboard. While his back was turned, he clearly heard the bump of knuckles on what was probably a shoulder, but he did not turn.

"Thur!" It was a loud whisper of bogus terror.

Either Ralston or Hackett, another hoodlum—they sat on either side of Beveridge in the back row—had reached over and punched him. Whichever it was, why, good.

"Beveridge, if you don't behave yourself, I'll take steps," Burton said, still without turning.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;

He swam the Esk River where ford there was none;

But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate, The bride had consented, the gallant came late;

For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,

Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

And a rumpty-tump doodle deedle hum-bum. Strictly a sonata for the snare drum. Good old Sir Walter! He was Dr. Carstrop's very favorite bard in all the world, although the Doctor pretended it was really the boys who insisted on having Sir Walter stuffed into themselves like so much calking. "For youngsters, there's nothing to touch Scott's poems," he would say jovi-

ally. "They love them." But Burton had once looked Dr. Carstrop up in *Who's Who in America* and discovered that he had got his Ph.D. (Columbia) for a thesis on "Arms and Armor in 'Ivanhoe,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'The Talisman.'"

Every boy in the school had to learn the first canto of "Marmion" by heart before he went on to the outer world, and a vast amount of time and effort was dedicated to this end. Civilization tottering, Burton used to think, and we're all pointing for "Marmion."

"Let's go through that first verse we learned last week, then join this on," he said. "Then I'll answer questions. 'Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west.' On your marks, set, go!"

Thank God, they still knew that first verse.

"All right. Are there any questions?"

Atkins, the class humorist, raised his hand.

"Sir, my father has an old book at home called 'Dunt Esk.' It's about a woman telling her baby a lot of stories in funny talk. Is that got anything to do with Lochinvar and the Esk River?"

"Yes, Atkins, I know that book. When I was about your age my father used to have it, too. It's funny, all right, but it hasn't got anything to do with

this River Esk, which is in Scotland. I think I told you last week that this whole poem takes place in Scotland. I guess just about all the poetry Sir Walter Scott wrote took place there. As a matter of fact, I got interested in this Esk River myself and I looked it up. Seems there are no less than six rivers in Scotland all named Esk." This item of geographical curiosa sent Burton's charges into gales of laughter. Fine! Anything to eat the time. "There's the North Esk and the South Esk and the Black Esk and the White Esk and then there's also *another* pair of North Esks and South Esks in a different part of Scotland. It's kind of confusing, but that's the way it is." Burton took a deep breath and blew out his cheeks. But Atkins' hand was again in the air. "Yes?"

"Sir, what's a dastard?" Atkins asked the question with a command of features any seasoned con man would have envied.

They knew, the little gallows birds; even Victor Hercule Marie St. Roche Sanche, the refugee with the snappy mother, knew. There were cautious titters here and there from the timid, while the hoodlums had all they could do to keep from exploding. Ralston deliberately broke the point of his pencil and examined it intently. Hackett raised the lid of his desk and pretended to hunt for something. The rest clinched their teeth.

"It's a low, cowardly person, mean and sneaking," Burton said, glaring at Atkins. "Now I want you to copy this verse down and start committing it to memory from your own handwriting." He arose shakily and went to a window. Pencils began to scratch on paper.

"Thur, whath the Netherby gate?"
"Oh, shut up."

GOD, if he could only stall them through till recess, he could slip down to the corner and grab a couple of fast beers. As soon as everybody had copied the second stanza and set about memorizing it, he erased the board and started writing long-division problems on it, any divisors and dividends that came into his head so long as they were large: 57,462 into 893,111; 68,419 into 727,711; 88,888 into 999,999 and so on, filling nearly the whole board with them. This should hold the little dastards till that bell, he told himself, and sat down at his desk.

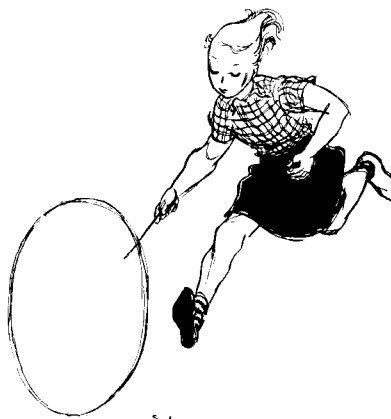
After recess he could fix them up with a studhorse chunk of sentences to be turned into French, and after that

they could read a couple of chapters of American history aloud till lunch. But then, oh, most munificent Jehovah, there would be lunch in the basement, that squalling, jostling three-quarters of an hour of unmitigated hell when a hundred-odd boys, released from their shackles, gave vent to their suppressed little desires. There would be a monster tidal wave of shrieks, howls, yells, and roars. Pats of butter and hunks of bread would sail through the air, water would be squirted from fifty leering mouths. Victor Hercule Marie St. Roche would be sick. When he took him out, perhaps they could both lie down together.

After that there would be a bus trip to the field and he would have to umpire a game between the Blues and the Golds and probably get beamed by a foul tip. There would be evening prep then (Dr. Carstrop had long ago discovered this useful device for sparing parents the annoyance of having to help their offspring with homework); then the home-going bus to take charge of, which would be, as always, a foodless edition of the all-out total lunch, only at closer quarters.

Burton let the class dawdle away thirty minutes in memorizing the stanza and then put them to long division.

What had ever made him think he was cut out for teaching—a governess in pants, a nurse who shaved? Nana Burton. How naïve he had been last summer about that wonderful revolutionary idea of his for teaching Latin painlessly, making it interesting. A new technique, gentlemen: series of comic strips based on the adventures of two Roman boys and their families and friends, but instead of "Wham!" "Pow!" "Bong!" "Glug!" and "Zowie!" we put the new Latin words and the new grammar we wish the student to learn into the balloons attached to the characters' mouths. I happen to know that the rewards attached are remarkably rich. Ha!



Burton looked at his watch; only one minute more to that beautiful, beautiful recess.

Yes, better far to be squashed to death by a *Panzerwagen* than to perish of boredom on the banks of the Esk. *Panzerwagen!* How very unromantic war had become. The flower of youth once charged with the Light Brigade; now it lobbed Coca-Cola bottles filled with lighted Esso at *Panzerwagens*. Battles were fought at Thermopylae, Trasimeno, Crécy, Flodden Field, Prestonpans, Waterloo, Cold Harbor, San Juan Hill, the Argonne Forest. Where could a man die these days? Wal Wal, Dong Dang, Bug Bug, Giu Giu, Split. How did Great-Uncle Burton die, Mummie? He fell at Split, dear.

THERE was a tap on the door, and old Mackenzie entered immediately. He was carrying a letter in his hand. As he crossed the room, the recess bell rang and the ten ten-year-olds sprang from their seats as though impelled by one jolt of electricity and rushed out. Burton also rose, but when he saw the look on old Mackenzie's face, he sat down again.

"Merely a printed rejection slip," Mackenzie said, and handed Burton the envelope, self-addressed in the flawless Spencerian.

"Was it the ode, Mac?" Burton said.

"No," old Mackenzie said. "It was the lament."

Burton took the sheet of paper out of the envelope and unfolded it:

1941

O Death, bring on your welcome advent
sweet

And put an end to all our sufferings here
Upon this earthly field where we compete
In the eternal game of sham and fear.

Our scops have sung their empty songs
of life.

They lie! Their stunted aspects are all
wrong.

It's an everlasting struggle and a strife
Till you, you grim timekeeper, ring your
gong;

And when the final round is fought and
lost

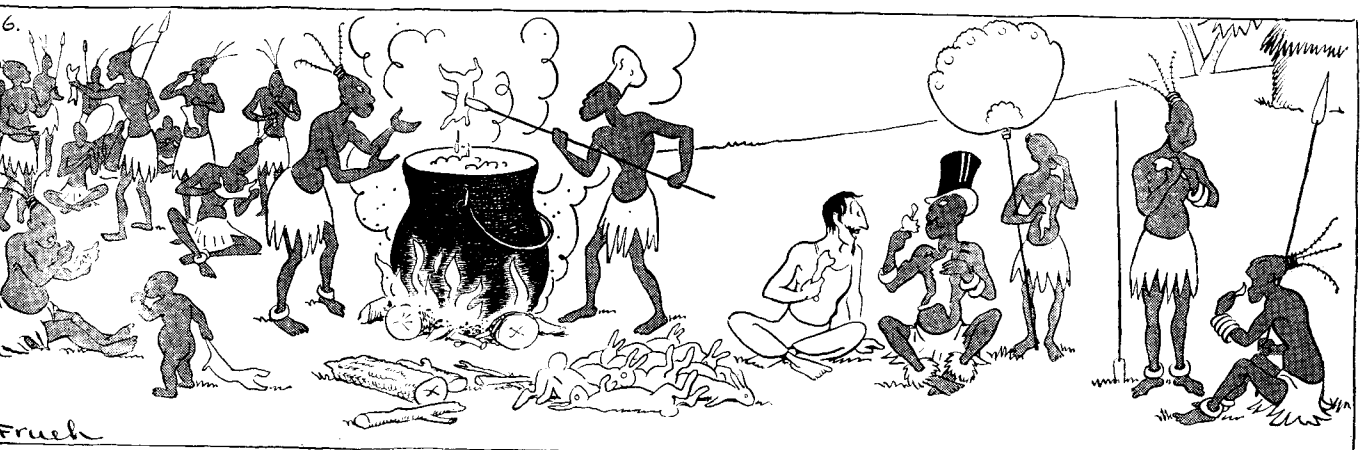
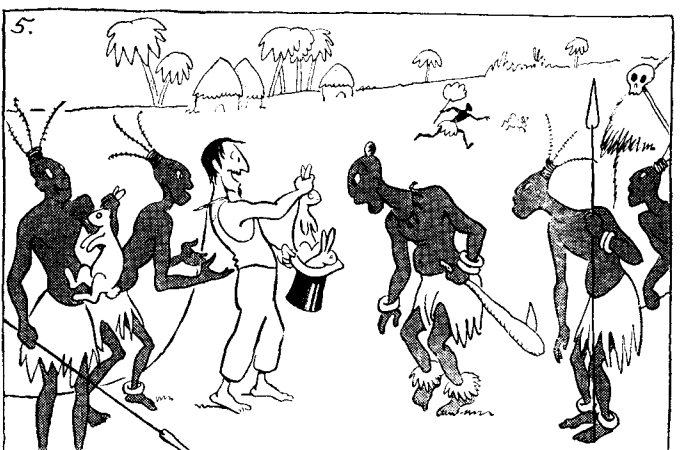
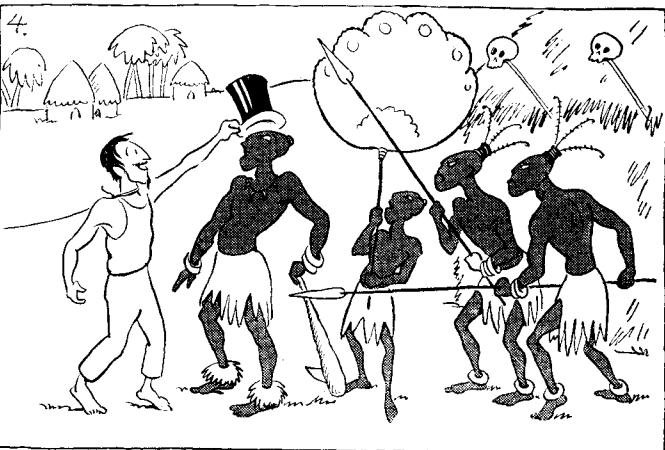
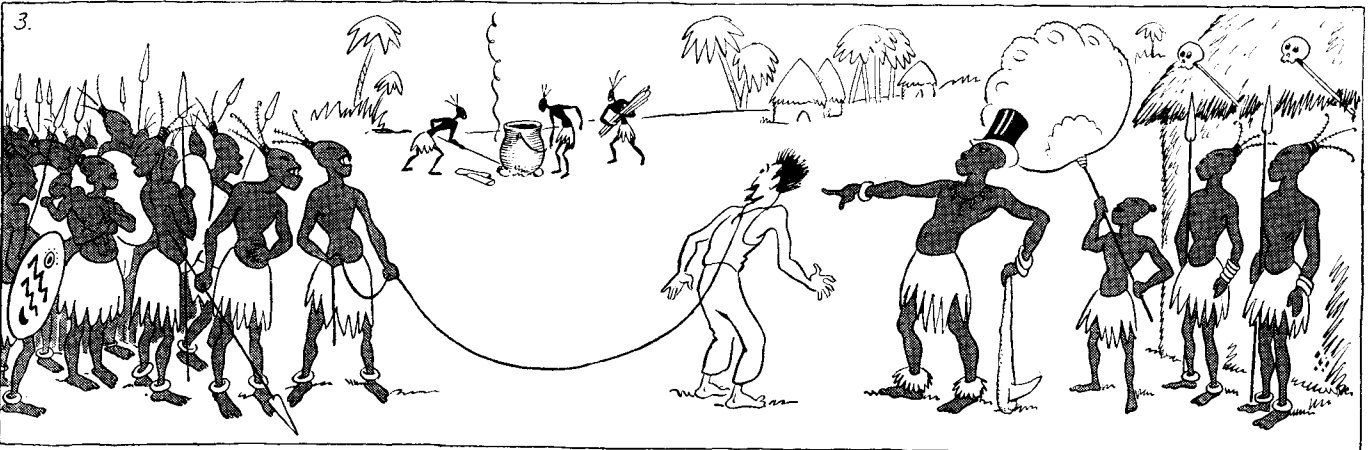
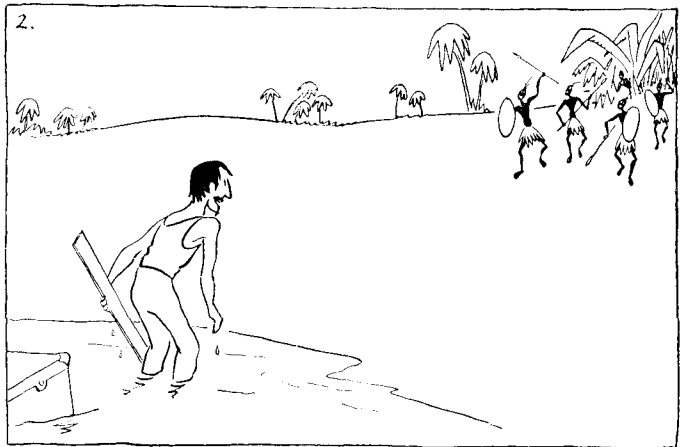
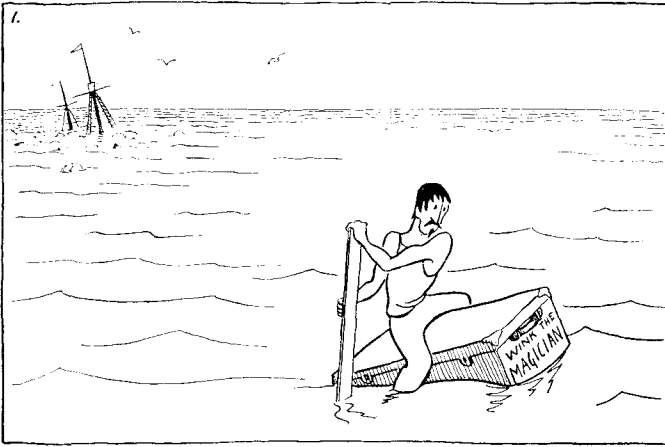
Amidst the gruesome stench of sweat and
blood,

Then to ourselves we reckon up the cost
And in our hearts we ask ourselves the
good

Of coming into Life through women's pain,
Then drifting back to worthless dust again.

As he read, it was mostly pity, of course, that made Burton's eyes fill with tears, but the realization that he would never get those beers now may also have had something to do with it.

—JOEL SAYRE



Frueh



BARNEY, who owns the lunch counter in the basement of the so-called Jollity Building, never turns his head away from his customers for a second while working. Even when he is drawing coffee from the urn, he keeps looking over his shoulder, and this, in the course of his eighteen years in business, has given him a nervous neck twitch. "I know their nature," Barney says in explanation of this mannerism. "If I'll turn my head, they'll run away without paying." With all his vigilance, Barney cannot foresee when a client will eat two *pastrami* sandwiches and then say, after fumbling in a vest pocket, "Gee, Barney, I thought I had a quarter in my pocket, but it turned out to be an old Willkie button." Barney is a short, gray-faced man in his fifties who looks at his customers through thick, shell-rimmed spectacles that are usually clouded with steam from the coffee urn or with dabs of corned-beef grease. The customers see Barney against a background of cans of beans, arranged in pyramids. The cans, stacked on a shelf behind his counter, constitute a decorative scheme he never changes, except when he lays a fat, shiny stick of bologna across the can forming the apex of one of the pyramids.

Once, recently, Barney startled Hy Sky, the Jollity Building signpainter, and Morty Ormont, the renting agent, by announcing the return of prosperity. This was an event that neither of his listeners, confined for the most part in their associations to theatrical people, had suspected. "The taxi-drivers who come in here are asking for sandwiches on thin bread, so they can taste the meat, and they are eating two sandwiches for lunch, usually," Barney said. "From 1929 until very lately, everybody was

PROFILES

THE JOLLITY BUILDING

III—A SOFT DOLLAR

asking for sandwiches on thick bread, one sandwich should fill them up." The lunch counter is at one end of the Jollity Building's poolroom, and most of Barney's customers are either people who work in the building or pool players. The taxi-men are his only customers from the daylight world.

"The bookmakers in the building are also eating regular," Barney said, con-

tinuing his survey of business conditions, "and even a couple of prizefight managers recently came in and paid cash. With musicians, of course, is still the depression. Also with performers." Barney takes it for granted that anyone connected with the stage is broke, and if he can detect a speck of theatrical make-up under a woman's chin or behind an ear, he will refuse to give her credit. He even declines to believe that any performers receive regular remuneration in Hollywood. "It is all publicity," he says. "George Raft still owes me thirty-five cents from when he used to hang here." Musicians, although imperceptibly less broke, on the average, than actors or dancers, are almost as irritating to Barney. They sit at his counter for hours, each with one cup of coffee, and discuss large sums of money. Since most of the year musicians wear big, shaggy coats made of a material resembling the mats under rugs, they fill twice as much space as bookmakers or taxi-drivers. Their coats overflow onto adjoining stools. "Three hours is average for a musician to drink a cup of coffee," Barney says, "and then sometimes he says he hasn't got the nickel, he'll see me tomorrow. Tomorrow is never."

Regulars who hang at Barney's counter may be identified by the manner in which, before sitting down, they run their hands under the counter. They are reaching for a communal dope sheet, a ten-cent racing paper giving the entries at all tracks. The regulars at Barney's chip in and buy one copy every day. This economy permits each of them to lose to bookmakers every week several dimes that would otherwise have been spent at newsstands. Barney has little contact with the pool players, although he does a good deal of business with them. A

number of mulatto girls who rack up the balls on the pool tables also act as waitresses for the players. The girls pay Barney cash for all the cups of coffee they carry away. Presumably they collect from the players. "It is a pleasure they can have," says Barney.

One of the more conspicuous fellows who eat at the lunch counter and spend a good deal of time there between meals drinking coffee is called Marty the Clutch. Marty gets his name from his humorous custom of mangling people's fingers when he shakes hands with them. Strangers to whom he is introduced usually sink to their knees screaming before he releases their right hand. Casual acquaintances consider Marty a big, overgrown boy brimming with animal spirits. Only old friends really appreciate him. They know that when Marty has numbed a stranger's hand, he can often get a ring off the fellow's finger unnoticed. "It is very cute when you think of it," says Acid Test Ike, who is a manager of punch-drunk prizefighters. "I once seen the Clutch get a rock off a ticket broker big enough to use for a doorstep. By the time the scalper noticed the ring was gone, he thought a bosko he knew had clipped him for it, so he busted her nose." The Clutch is a big, square-shouldered man with a forehead barely sufficient to keep his hair from meeting his eyebrows. He used to be a prizefighter, but, he says, he worked with a gang of hijackers several nights a week and this interfered with his training, because he was always getting shot. Acid Test Ike considers this an amiable prevarication. "The Clutch never was a hijacker," he says. "He just gives that as a social reference. Really, the Clutch is a gozzler." This term means a fellow who gozzles people—chokes them in order to rob them. The gozzling business cannot be very good, because Marty is customarily as broke as most other patrons of the lunch counter. Every time Barney looks at Marty the Clutch, he rubs his throat nervously.

TO Barney, the most interesting people in the Jollity Building are the promoters, the fellows who are always trying to earn, in the local idiom, a soft dollar. This is a curiosity he shares with Hy Sky and Morty Ormont, and sometimes the three of them get together at

the lunch counter and discuss, with happy chuckles, the outrageous swindles perpetrated by fellows they know. One mental giant of whom all three speak with awe is a chap known as Lotsandlots, or Lots for short, who is in the land-development business. Lots' stock in trade is a tract of real estate in the Jersey marshes and a large supply of stationery bearing the letterheads of non-existent land companies and the Jollity Building's address. Prospects are carefully selected; generally they are close-fisted men with a few thousand dollars saved up. Each receives a letter informing him that he has won a lot in a raffle conducted by one of the land companies to publicize a new development. The winner, according to the letter, is now the owner, free and clear, of one building lot in some out-of-the-way district. With the lot goes an option to buy the lots on either side of it for a couple of hundred dollars apiece. The man receiving such a letter is distrustful. He knows that one house lot is not much use, and he suspects that the whole thing is just a dodge to sell him more land, so he doesn't even go out to look at his prize. In a week or so, Lotsandlots calls on the skeptic and says he hears that the man is the lucky owner of three lots in a certain undeveloped neighborhood. Lotsandlots says he represents a company that is assembling a site for a large industrial plant. He offers to buy the man's three lots for a good price, but begs him to keep the offer confidential, as publicity would interfere with his firm's efforts to pick up land. The lucky man of property always lets Lotsandlots think that he owns all three plots outright. He says that Lotsandlots should give him time to think the matter over and come back in a couple of days. Then, as soon as Lotsandlots leaves, the fellow hurries down to the land company's office in the Jollity Building to exercise his option on the two adjoining lots, which he expects to sell at a whacking profit. He pays \$400 or \$500 to the "office manager," an assistant promoter in Lotsandlots' employ. The manager

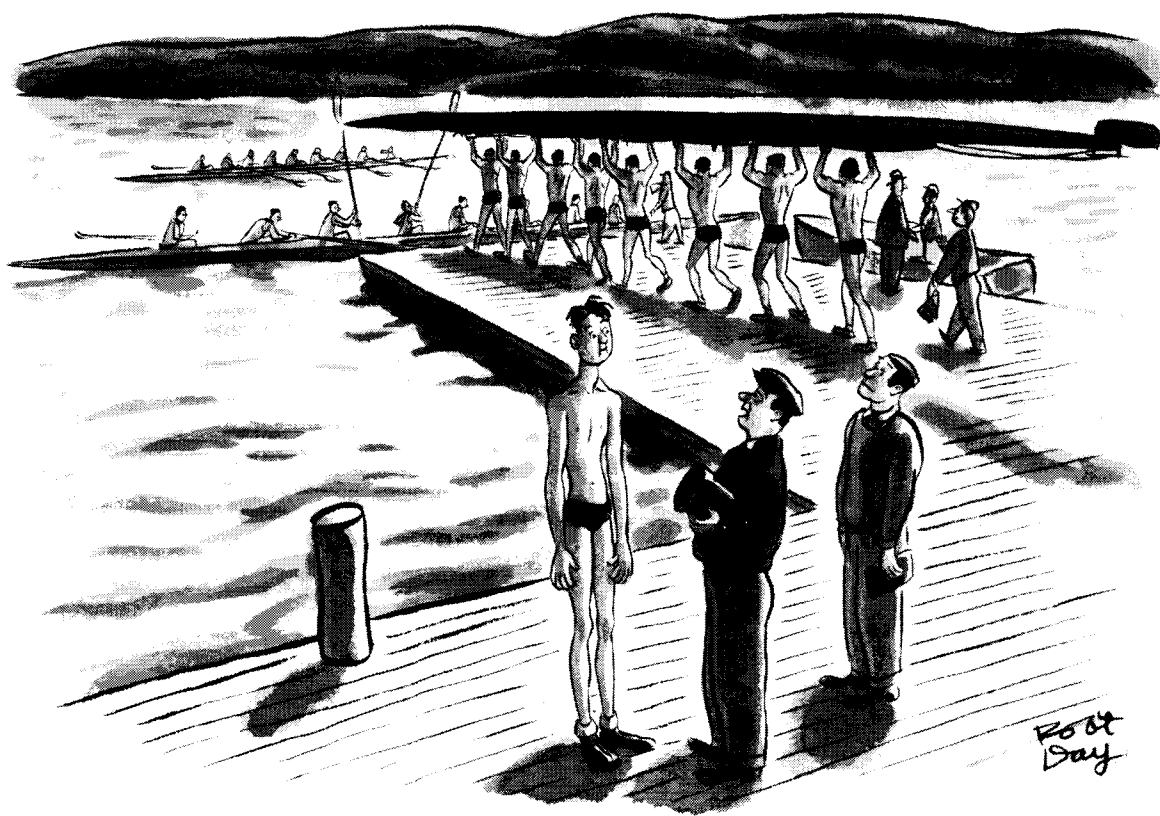
gives him clear deed and title to two lots in a salt marsh. The man goes away happily, and then waits the rest of his life for Lotsandlots to reappear and conclude the deal.

"The art in it," Hy Sky says admiringly, "is that the sap never knows Lots is running the land company. A good boy, Lots." Lots is a humorist, too. When anyone asks him if he does much business, he says, "Lots and lots," which is how he got his name. When he says it, he rolls his eyes so knowingly that Hy Sky, if he is around, suffers an attack of laughter resembling whooping cough.

Another respected promoter is Judge Horumph, a bucolic figure of a man who wears a standup collar, a heavy gilt-iron watch chain with a seal ring on it, and high, laceless shoes with elastic sides. The Judge's face is tomato red marked by fine streaks of eggplant purple. Barney and his customers are disposed to believe Judge Horumph's story that he was once a justice of the peace in a Republican village upstate, a region in which about one man in every three enjoys that distinction. The Judge, when he is working, sits at a telephone all day, calling various business houses that like to keep on the good side of the law—particularly firms with large fleets of trucks, because such firms are constantly dealing with traffic and parking

summonses, and they don't want to offend anybody. He says, "This is Judge H-r-r-umph." The name is indistinguishable, but no layman knows the names of a tenth of the judges in New York, and it would be impolite to ask a judge to repeat. "I am giving some of my time to a little charitable organization called Free Malted Milk for Unmarried Mothers," the Judge says. "I know that ordinarily it would be an imposition to bother you people, but the cause is so worthy..." Rather often, the owner or manager of the firm tells the Judge he will send five or ten dollars. "Oh, don't say 'send,'" Judge Horumph booms jovially. "I know how prone we all are to forget these little things. I'll send a telegraph boy right over to get your contribution." The Judge is a man of real culture, Morty Ormont says, but he has one failing, and that is strong drink. Judge Horumph's one serious run-in with the law resulted from his throwing a whiskey bottle at a Jollity Building wag who offered to buy him a malted milk.

THE hero of the best stories that Barney and Hy Sky and Morty Ormont sit around telling one another is a promoter named Maxwell C. Bimberg, who used to be known in the Jollity Building as the Count de Pennies because he wore a pointed, waxed, blond



"I'm afraid you're not going to make the grade, Clark. I'll have to ask you to turn in your suit."

mustache just like a count and because he was rather stingy except about gambling and women. The Count was a tiny, fragile man with large, melting eyes and a retreating chin. "He was a little weanized man that didn't look like nothing at all," Hy says, "but Maxwell C. Bimberg had a brilliant mind."

Hy recalls how he helped the Count de Pennies conduct a crusade against *pari-mutuel* betting in New York State in which the Count fleeced a prominent bookmaker who felt that his business was menaced by the movement to legalize the betting machines. The Count induced the bookie to finance a campaign of street advertising against the proposition, which was to be voted on at the polls. The Count was to have twenty signs painted, large enough to cover the side of a wagon. The signs were to say "Mayor LaGuardia says vote 'No'!" Then the Count was to hire ten wagons, put the signs on them, and have them driven around the centre of town the day before the referendum. The bookie peeled several hundred-dollar bills off his bankroll to pay for the operation. The promoter went to Hy Sky and ordered just two signs, allowing the painter a generous profit on them. He had the signs placed on a wagon that he hired for one hour. The wagon then drove a couple of times through the Duffy Square region, where the bookmaker hung, and returned to the stable. There the signs were shifted to another wagon, which made the same circuit, and so on. The bookie saw several wagons during the day and was happy. Count de Pennies saved the price of eighteen signs and reduced wagon hire by ninety per cent. "Maxwell C. Bimberg had a brilliant mind!" Hy Sky repeats when he tells of this successful promotion.

Morty Ormont's reminiscences about the Count are not all tender. "He was always borrowing a nickel for a telephone call, but one day he asked me for a loan of three dollars so he could get his teeth out of hock to con a sucker," Morty says. "I loaned it to him, and the next day I saw him looking very happy, with his teeth in. As soon as he spotted me he started with a small mouth. 'I am sorry, Morty,' he says, 'but the sucker didn't show, so I haven't got the three bucks.' So I turned him upside down—you know how little he was—and six hundred dollars fell out of his left breech."

The Count's admirers in the Jollity Building generally speak of him in the past tense, although it is improbable that he is dead. Some detectives employed



by a railroad are looking for the weanized man as a result of one of his promotions, and consequently he has not been seen for some time around the Jollity Building. The project which irritated the railroad was known as the Dixie Melody Tours. The Count sold bargain-rate tour tickets to Florida which included train fare, hotel rooms, and meals. At the end of every month, the Count set-

tled with the railroad and the hotels for the accommodations the tourists had bought through him. The tours were actually bringing the Count a fair income when, at the end of the third or fourth month, he decided to pay the railroad with a bad check. "It must have been a terrible temptation to him to stay honest," Morty says, "but he resisted it." "He always thought very big," Barney recalls affectionately. "I said to him lots

GREEK, THE WORLD'S TONGUE

(ON REREADING "THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY"—LONDON, 1941)

I. REJECTED DEDICATION

To Pan, to Demeter, to sweet-voiced Apollo,
Long dedicate my flocks, my ploughlands were,
And, too, my orchard and my shady trees,
My smooth grass verges by the riverside;
But these old-fashioned offerings are mocked
And worthless found when all gods worship fire.

II. OFFERINGS BEFORE BED

See, I have hung the coat, the shallow helmet,
And this untainted gas mask in the hall,
Placing shoes, torch, and the traveller's scrip nearby;
Thus, Lesbia, all is done that can be done,
Meet offering made, and no good spirit slighted;
Custom obeyed, let us upstairs to bed!

III. THE DEAD SAILOR

Thymodes' son was Lycus; mine no name
Needs now. He lies in nameless seas,
Drowned in an unnamed ship,
And even his last was but a dateless day.

IV. SCHOLARS SLAIN

Whether a son survived to die of years,
Leaving thy grandsons, Heraclitus, so
To breed and die in ripeness, I know not;
But progeny, after prodigious time,
I find of thine. And they are ashes, too.

V. NEW MEN, NEW ART

Praxiteles wrung life from lifeless stone,
A godlike man. But later men than he,
Mighty as Zeus, send fire to kindle stone
And wring the heart of stone to murder life.

VI. DEDICATION

Androclus gave his bow, Apollo; I have only
This old, uncertain rifle, but I slew
Large game with it on a late summer day,
Winged game that tumbled helpless from the sky.

VII. SHRINE TO PALLAS ATHENE

Pallas, to honor the invincible
Bright arms you carry, we have made your shrine
Spacious in every country on the earth;
Broad fields with the ranged aircraft and vast graves
Deep in the groaning ground proclaim your glory.
Wisdom must wait her trophies till the end.

—VALENTINE ACKLAND

of times, 'Be careful, Count. Nobody can promote a railroad.' He would say, 'What do you mean? This is strictly legitimate.' But I could see in his eyes he was thinking of larceny. 'Already I promoted some of the smartest people on Broadway,' he was thinking. 'Why not a railroad?' He always thought too big."

THE Count made his first appearance in the Jollity Building a dozen years ago, when he was the manager of the widow of a famous gunman. He rented a furnished office, about six feet square, on the third floor and pasted on the outer side of the door a card saying, "Maxwell C. Bimberg, Presentation of Publicized Personalities." He booked the gunman's widow as an added attraction in burlesque theatres, and since that seemed to work out pretty well, he tried to sign up several acquitted female defendants in recent and prominent murder cases. The women were eager to sign contracts, but the Count found it difficult to make money with them. One reason, he said, was that "It is hard to write a routine for an acquitted murderess. If she reenacts the crime, then the public gets the impression that she should not have been acquitted."

One Wisconsin woman who had been acquitted of killing her husband with ground glass came to New York and rented an apartment to live in during her stage career under his management. She used to invite the Count to dinner every evening, and he had a hard time thinking of excuses which would not offend her. "Every time she says 'Home cooking,'" the Count would tell Barney, "I feel like I bit into a broken bottle." At last the life of the gunman's widow was violently terminated by one of her husband's business associates. An astute detective sat down next to the telephone in the murdered woman's flat and waited for the murderer to call up, which to a layman would have seemed an unlikely eventuality. The first person to call was the Count. He was phoning to inform his star that he had booked her for a week's engagement at a theatre in Union City, New Jersey. The detective had the call traced. A couple of other



"I suppose you must know a lot of nautical terms."

detectives arrested the Count in the Jollity Building and pulled out his mustache one hair at a time to make him tell why he had killed his meal ticket. This experience cured the Count of his desire to make other people's crimes pay. After his mustache grew again, he decided to marry an elderly Brooklyn woman whom he had met through an advertisement in a matrimonial journal. The bride was to settle \$3,000 on him, but the match fell through when she declined to give the Count the money in advance. "If you have so little confidence in me, darling," he said, "we would never be happy." "And also," he told Morty Ormont subsequently, "I didn't want to lay myself open for a bigamy rap."

The Count next organized a troupe of girl boxers, whom he proposed to offer as an added attraction to the dance marathons then popular. "It was not that the idea was any good," Morty Ormont

says when he tells about the Count, "but it was the way he milked it. After all, what is there smart about selling a guy a piece of something that might make money? Smart is to sell a guy for a good price a piece of a sure loser. The Count went out and promoted Johnny Attorney, one of the toughest guys on Broadway, for a grand to pay the girls' training expenses and buy them boxing trunks and bathrobes. The Count trembled every time Johnny looked at him, but with him, larceny was stronger than fear. So he gives all the girls bus fare to Spring Valley, N. Y., and tells them he will meet them there and show them the training camp he has engaged. Then he takes the rest of the grand and goes to Florida." When Morty reaches this point in the story, Hy Sky can seldom restrain himself from saying, reverentially, "Maxwell C. Bimberg had a brilliant mind!"

"By the time the Count came back

from Florida," Morty says, "Johnny Attorney was running a night club on Fifty-second Street. The Count walks into Johnny's joint as if nothing had happened, and in fifteen minutes he cons Johnny into making him a banquet manager. He booked a couple of nice banquets into there, but when Johnny would send the bill to the chairman of whatever club it was that held the banquet, the chairman would write back and say, 'I see no mention on your bill of the deposit I paid your Mr. Bimberg.' The Count had glommed the deposits. So after that he had to play the duck for Johnny for a couple of years. Whenever Johnny would get shoved in the can for assault or manslaughter, the Count would come back to town. That gave him quite a lot of time in town, at that."

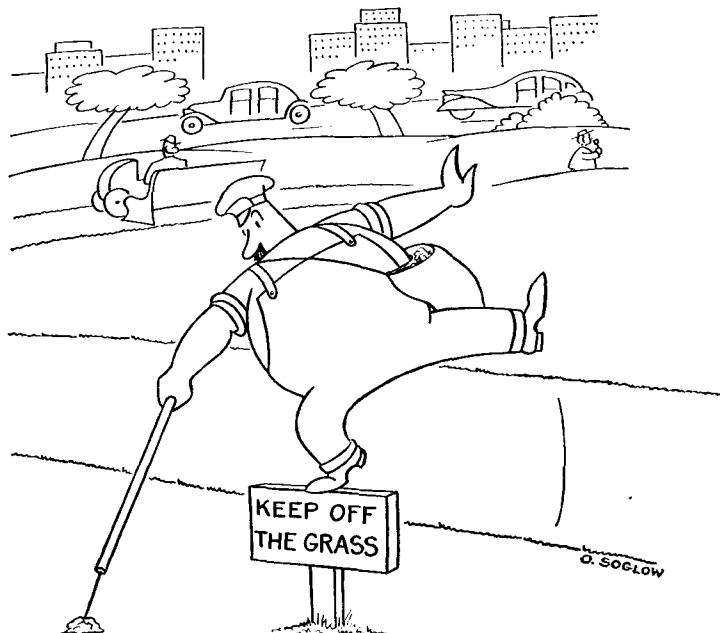
Morty and Hy agree that the Count had a rare gift of making women feel sorry for him because he looked so small and fragile. "He made many a beautiful head," Morty concedes with envy. "If I had met a refined, educated girl like you when I was still young, my whole life would have been different," the Count would tell a head who might be a minor burlesque stripper. He would invite her to his tiny office in the Jollity Building to plan her Hollywood career. This office, he would assure her, was just a hideout where he could get away from the crowds of people who besieged him for bookings at his regular place of business. The Count always made a point of stopping at the switchboard which then served the furnished-office tenants, collectively known to Morty Ormont as the heels. "Did that girl from the Paradise Restaurant call me this afternoon?" he would ask the operator. "You know, the one I got a job for last week? And by the way, if Monte Proser calls up in the next half-hour, tell him I'm out. I'm going to be busy." The mainsprings of feminine character, the Count used to tell his friends, were avarice and mother love. He would make extravagant promises of contracts in shows or moving pictures which he would tell every girl he was on the point of closing for her. Then he would say sadly, "Your success is assured, but I will never be happy. I am a Broadway roué, and no decent girl would look at me." "Oh, don't say that, Mr. Bimberg," a girl might beg, remember-

ing she had not yet signed the contract. (The Count used to say, "You would be surprised how sorry a girl can feel for a man that is going to make a lot of money for her.") "Oh, yes, I cannot fool myself," the Count would sob to the girl, and tears would flow from his large, protruding eyes as he grabbed for his protégée's hand. If the girl put an arm around his narrow shoulders to steady him, he would work into a clinch. If she pulled away from the lead, the Count would sometimes fall to his knees and snifle. "Why should I live another day?" he would wail. "Tomorrow your contract is coming through. If I lived through tonight, I could collect my ten-per-cent commission, which would amount to perhaps a couple of thousand bucks. Is that a reason to live?" Usually the girl would think it was a pretty good reason. The Count did not always succeed. "When a bosko wouldn't have nothing to do with him," Hy Sky says, "Maxwell C. Bimberg became very emotional." He once offered a female boxer forty dollars to let him hold her hand. The boxer declined, saying, "I would rather wake up in a hole with a snake than in a room with Count de Pennies." The Count was very discouraged by her remark and hated to hear it quoted.

AN enterprise which the Count's admirers remember with considerable pleasure was the Public Ballyhoo Corporation, Ltd. To launch this concern, the Count spent a couple of weeks promoting a bookmaker known as Boatrace Harry. The Count kept on telling Boatrace Harry about the great incomes that he said were earned by publicity men like Steve Hannagan, Benjamin

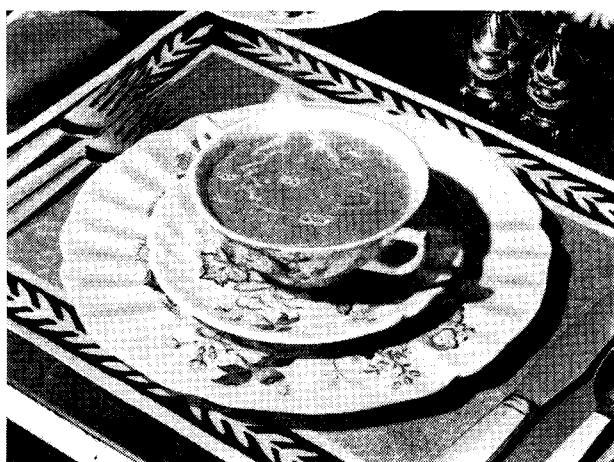
Sonnenberg, and Richard Maney. Then he allowed Harry to invest a couple of thousand dollars in Public Ballyhoo, Ltd. He had letterheads printed saying that Public Ballyhoo, Ltd., would supply "anything from an actress to an alligator" for publicity stunts. The Count became so interested in his idea that he forgot to duck with Boatrace Harry's money. The manager of a theatre showing the first run of a picture called "Eskimo" asked the Count to secure a genuine Eskimo to pose on top of the marquee with a team of huskies. The Count made a good try. He found in the telephone directory some kind of society for the preservation of the American Indian and obtained from it the addresses of two alleged Eskimos. One turned out to be a Jewish tailor in Greenpoint; this was obviously a wrong listing. The other, who lived in Bay Ridge, was a real Eskimo who had a job in a foundry. He turned down the job, however, and begged the Count not to give his secret away, because his girl would make fun of him.

The Count had a number of other disappointments. He saw a classified advertisement inserted in a newspaper by a man who said he wanted to buy cockroaches in quantity. The Count knew where he could buy some large tropical roaches which had been a feature of a recently raided speakeasy called La Cucaracha, where the customers could race roaches along the bar, instead of rolling dice, to see who would pay for their drinks. In his enthusiasm, the Count bought five hundred *cucarachas*, at a nickel apiece, from the prohibition agents who had raided the place. The Count knew some newspaper reporters from the days when he had exploited murderesses and boxing girls, so he called several of them up and told them of the big deal he had on the fire. They thought it was funny, and the story was published in the early editions of a couple of afternoon papers. The advertiser, however, did not want racing cockroaches. He wanted to feed the roaches to tropical birds, and the Count's acquisitions could have eaten the birds. Ordinary household roaches, obtainable from small boys in tenement neighborhoods at low cost, were better for the aviarist's purpose. The Count was stuck with five hundred hungry bugs. He





"It's one of Nora's secrets — wild horses couldn't drag it out of her!"



Wily Nora! Years have taught her the importance of serving really good soup. And, although occasionally a dish may fail her—never her soup! Because, and this also is Nora's secret, she uses Campbell's Soups.

The special secret this time is Nora's purée Mongole. It's made with a can of Campbell's Pea Soup, a can of Campbell's Tomato Soup and a can of milk, using a soup can for a measure. She heats it carefully, making sure it does not boil, then bears it proudly to the table.

You'll want to discover for yourself how easy it is to make delicious purée Mongole this Campbell way. You'll want to try Campbell's Pea Soup as pea soup, too, and (made with milk) as a tempting cream of pea. However you serve it, you'll rave about its flavor. So take a tip from Nora, and keep Campbell's Pea Soup on hand.

Campbell's PEA SOUP

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"The best new American play of the season"
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JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
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"BRILLIANT." Watts, Her Trib
PAL JOEY
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIANNE SEGAL - GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT - JUNE HAYOC
BARRYMORE Thea., W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
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"Beguiling and tender comedy."—Atkinson, Times
William Saroyan's THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
"Tender and beautiful."—Walter Winchell
LYCEUM, 45 St. East of B'way—Mats. Wed. & Sat.

turned them loose on the third floor of the Jollity Building and left for Florida with what remained of Boatrice Harry's money. Barney attributes the unusual size of the bugs in the Jollity Building today to the thoroughbred out-cross.

Morty was naturally quite angry with the Count at first, but after a few weeks began to miss him. "You have to hand it to him. He had a good idea all the same," Morty says now. "The story about the roaches was in all the papers, and with that kind of publicity he could have gone far. A week after he left, a guy called up and asked for Mr. Bimberg. I asked him what did he want, and he said he had read about Public Ballyhoo, Ltd., and he was in the market for some moths. So I told him, 'I haven't any moths, but if you'll come up here, I'll cut holes in your pants for nothing.'"

The Count de Pennies must have convinced himself that he was a publicity man. When he reappeared in the Jollity Building after he had lost Boatrice Harry's money at Tropical Park, he got a job with a new night club as press agent. The place had one of those stages which roll out from under the bandstand before the floor show starts. The Count decided he could get a story in the newspapers by sending for the police emergency squad on the pretext that one of the show girls had been caught under the sliding stage. The policemen arrived axes in hand and refused to be deterred by the Count's statement that there was no longer any need of them because he had personally rescued the girl. "You know very well that poor little girl is still under there!" the sergeant in charge roared reproachfully, and the coppers hilariously chopped the stage to bits. The Count lost his job.

WHAT was perhaps the zenith of the Count's prosperity was reached during the brief life of the Lithaqua Mineral Water Company. Lithaqua was formed to exploit a spring on the land of a Lithuanian tobacco farmer in Connecticut. The water of the spring had a ghastly taste, and this induced the farmer to think it had therapeutic qualities. A druggist who was related to a murderess the Count had formerly managed organized a company to market the water. He gave the Count ten per cent of the common stock to act as director of publicity. The Count "sent out the wire," as fellows in the Jollity Building sometimes say when they mean that a promoter has had a third party act as go-between, to Johnny Attorney and Boatrice Harry. "Why be thick all your

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IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
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WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs MORRIS RYSKIND
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LIFE WITH FATHER
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4th YEAR
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A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
FULTON Thea. W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Additional Theatre Advertising on page 30

life?" he had his intermediary ask Johnny. "The Count has something big this time. If you will call it square for the few hundred he owes you, he will sell you ten per cent of the mineral-water company for exactly one grand." The Count had the same offer made to Boatrace Harry, and he sold his ten per cent of the stock to each of them for \$1,000. He sold his share in the enterprise to five other men, too, and was just beginning to think he had better go to Florida again when a chemist for a consumers' research group discovered that seepage from the vats of a nearby dye works accounted for the bilious flavor of the tobacco farmer's water. This got the Count out of a difficult situation. Even Johnny and Boatrace could understand that ten per cent of a worthless business was not worth quarrelling about.

During this period of affluence, the Count lived in a hotel on West Forty-eighth Street. "There was even a private shower," intimates recall solemnly when they evoke the glories of that era. The Count took to wearing cinnamon-colored suits with pointed lapels that flared from his waistline to an inch above his shoulders and trousers that began just below his breastbone. Every day he bet on every race at every track in the United States and Canada, and he invariably lost. Almost four weeks elapsed, Morty Ormont recalls with astonishment now, before the Count again had to borrow nickels to make telephone calls.

The Dixie Melody Tours followed several promotions of an increasingly prosaic nature. "The tours was too legitimate for his character," Hy Sky says sadly. "There was nobody left for him to promote only the railroad. So he went ahead and promoted it. Maxwell C. Bimberg was too brilliant!" Morty Ormont is more realistic. "In every class of business there has got to be a champion," he says. "The Count de Pennies was never no good to nobody, but he was the champion heel of the Jollity Building."

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the last of three articles on the Jollity Building.)

THE LITERARY LIFE

[Adv. in the Times]

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 4 (BY CABLE)



SO far as could be judged last week, people here were feeling better, though not, alas, because the news looked better. Before the news could be expected to improve, Londoners seemed to feel grimly certain, it must first, like a dangerously ill patient, get a good deal worse. The reason for the slight lifting of the public spirits might have been put down to the reports of the evacuation of a large proportion of the Imperial forces from Greece. The relief this time was quiet; there was none of the emotional enthusiasm, none of the sense of having witnessed a stirring miracle, which was felt after Dunkerque. The reaction to the withdrawal from Greece was mostly mental, a silent realization of an appalling job ably carried out. "But then," as one pub-keeper wryly remarked, "we ought to be good at it by now. We've had enough practice."

Progression to the stage where such small jokes, however wry, are possible at all is probably the result not only of eased tension over the fate of the Imperial forces in Greece but of the way the popular imagination has for once outstripped the gravity of the news. Even not particularly pessimistic Britons are now looking quite openly ahead to a program of further sickening wallops, which will have to be endured more or less stoically until the day when they can be given back with interest. As a consequence of having envisaged worse to come, there has been a general relaxation of nervous strain which, with the resultant freedom from false hopes and wishful thinking, might almost be termed feeling better.

THE only really cheerful bit of news in the last uncheerful fortnight has been the announcement that the United States has extended its Atlantic patrols. This was received with tremendous satisfaction here, and its importance rightly made it the central theme of Mr. Churchill's speech last Sunday. The audience which sat down beside its radios to listen to him was probably the most critical one he has had to face since

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he took over last May. People felt confident that they would get, from the man who had told them "many mistakes and disappointments will surely be our lot," the truth about a major setback which was certainly the latter even if it wasn't the former. They got it, without any polite skirting around the uncomfortable word "defeat."

All the same, many listeners felt that there was a rather too summary dismissal by the Prime Minister of the public uneasiness over a situation which surely only a ninny could feel completely easy about. Mr. Churchill, in passing from a mention of this uneasiness to a eulogy of the morale of the bombed cities, gave some the impression that he thought the national anxiety was being caused by the increased German air attacks, whereas nine out of ten adult Britons who aren't ninnies are worried less about England's ability to take it, which is unquestionable, than about her ability to give it, which unhappily isn't. It is hoped by all these anxious people that several questions the Prime Minister didn't answer will be ventilated at the forthcoming debate in Parliament on the progress of the war.

Why couldn't more of the three million men under arms in Britain have been sent to Greece instead of weakening the defence of Egypt by taking troops from there? Why are the Rumanian oil fields still unbombed? Why has the public here been left in complete darkness concerning developments which, if made known, could hardly have helped the enemy, since press and radio elsewhere had already freely reported them? Why wasn't the successful bombardment of Tripoli carried out weeks earlier, when it might have made a vital difference in the trend of subsequent events? It is this sort of thing that is being asked, in no spirit of disloyalty to a leader who has always been himself a doughty critic, by ordinary people everywhere—over tea tables, bars, and workbenches, in trains, clubs, and air-raid shelters.

ONE couldn't pretend that there is absolute confidence in the progress on the home front, either. Among the most common causes of concern is the fact that this is still a one-man government. When things go wrong anywhere, it is the public's trusting habit to expect Mr. Churchill to put it right, which would be fine if one overworked man could only cut himself into a hundred pieces. Since he can't, people would like to see a second in command who could in any way measure up to that



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solitary figure. (There is also talk of the advisability of including Dominion statesmen, such as General Smuts of South Africa, in a new Imperial Cabinet. Englishmen, with their ears still burning after what the Nazi propaganda department made of Australian comments on the use of the Anzacs in Greece, feel that anything which would bring the Dominions closer to the government would be a tactful move.)

The appointment of Lord Beaverbrook as Minister of State was probably the official forestalling of a public demand for a trouble-shooter to assist Mr. Churchill, and it has had a popular reception. In past discussions as to who could be found in the government with anything like the dynamic Churchillian qualities, someone has always been pretty sure to say, "Well, of course, there's that fellow Beaverbrook." If the someone has happened to be elderly and Tory and suspicious of Fleet Street methods, a Canadian accent, and the face of an irreverent street urchin, the remark has been made with groans, but it has been made. People who are none of those things, but only anxious to see the war won as quickly as possible, are hoping that the newly resurrected title of Minister of State carries with it a roving commission to kick inefficiency and departmental dawdling hard wherever it is encountered. As Lord Beaverbrook's late colleagues in the Ministry of Aircraft Production can ruefully testify, such a rôle would fit their ex-Minister like a jack boot. "Nor is it any condemnation of Lord Beaverbrook but a tribute to his peculiar methods of work," the *Times* has observed majestically, "to say that it [his new appointment] is not an unpopular step in the eyes of some of his fellow-workers who have suffered on occasion from the ruthless energies of a colleague with no concern for conventional administration." Less conventional administration and more ruthless energy being exactly what the not-so-majestic public has been hoping for, the appointment was received with cheers.

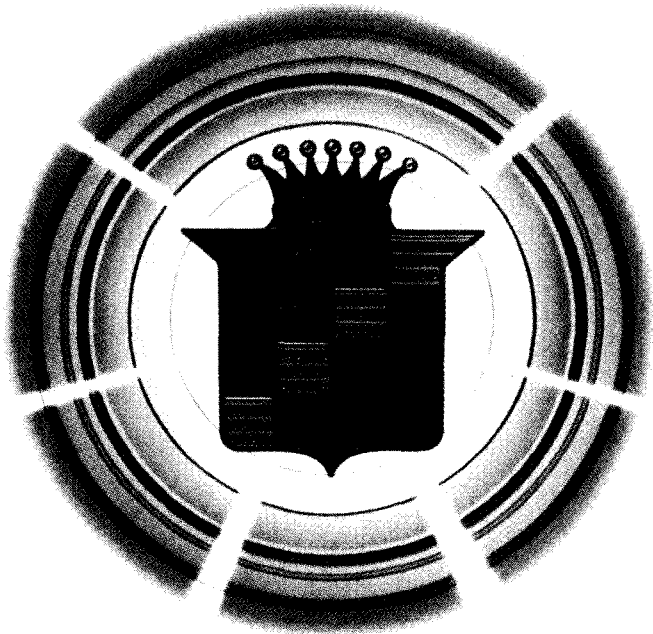
—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the first in a series of articles on traffic safety prepared by Dr. W. S. Hulin, a University of Oregon extension lecturer.

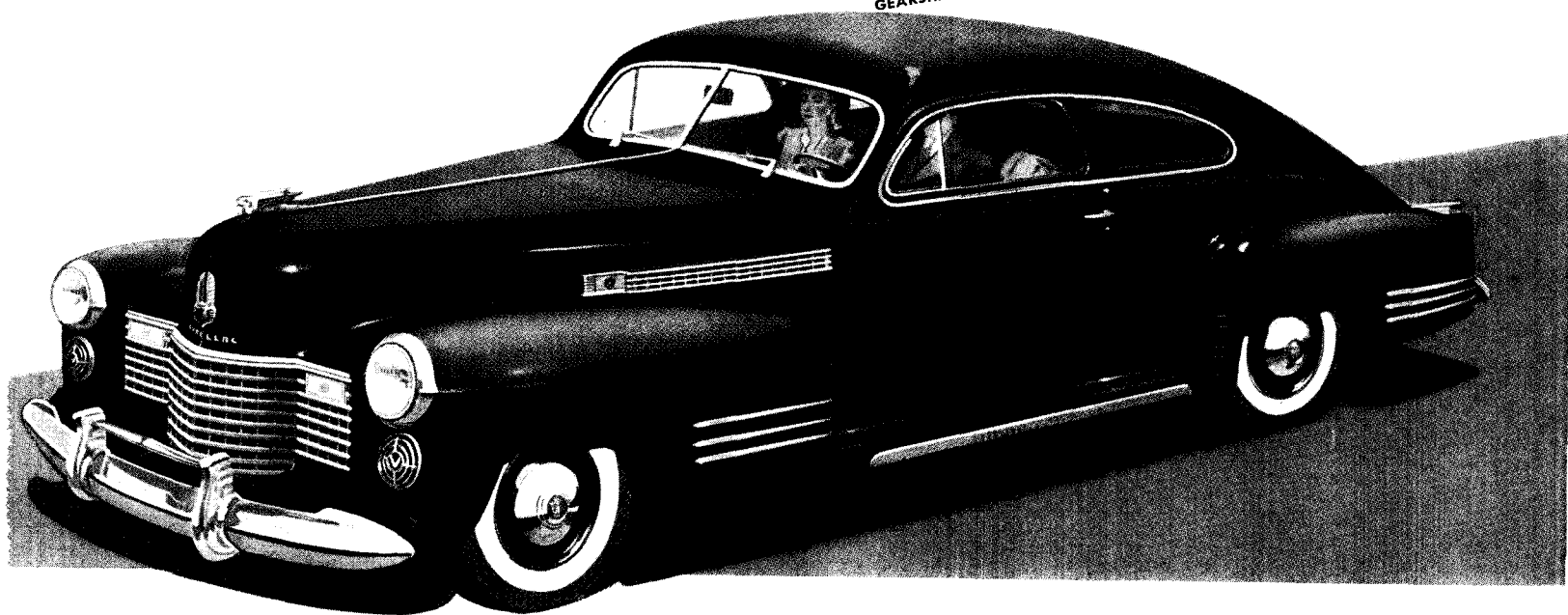
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• Actual color photograph—James R. Callis inspects a leaf of fine, golden tobacco.

"Lady—

**money talks in buying
lighter, milder leaf!**

**"And Luckies pay more to get that lighter leaf!" says
James R. Callis, warehouseman of Willow Springs, N. C.**

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**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—
IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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MAY MORNING

"BREAKFAST is ready, Mary! Please hurry!"

"Right away, Mother!"

Mary did not get up. She basked a while in the sunshine that brightened her room and made the maple bedstead glow. The open window framed a square of sky as intense as August, but this weather had more character than mere summer. This was a tangy spring day. For Mary, however, it promised nothing more stimulating than Saturday freedom from school, practicing after breakfast, a visit to Elsie in the afternoon, and the endless, dreary dream. So why hurry? Why rush to meet a gold-and-blue day when your life is colorless, when its only savor is the smell of bacon floating upstairs?

Mary wished she could forget what Milton Morgan had said last week. Elsie had told her. "Mary Clark is a mouse." Her heart ached with it. Curiously, it had not affected her feeling for him. She had been angry only with Elsie, for telling. She had been cross with Elsie for two whole days. She and Elsie were chums, and Elsie knew how she worshipped Milton Morgan; it was Elsie's mean streak that made her repeat the remark. A mouse. The truth in it was what hurt. She *was* pale and quiet, and she knew it. It was only slightly comforting to recognize in those words evidence that he had at least noticed her, that he was aware of her existence. Of course he was aware of her, and probably aware of her love. Men know, somehow, when women love them.

Mary sighed, then yawned. She was thirteen. Her birthday, two days before, had been celebrated by an extra kiss from her mother and father and the mildly pleasant news that she would have a violin lesson every two weeks from now on instead of once a month. Her father had asked, "Do you feel a year older?" The silly! She didn't feel a year older. She didn't feel an hour older. She felt exactly as she had felt for as long as she could remember.

Her mother called again. "Mary, Dad can't wait much longer!"

"What's he waiting for?"

"He has something for you!"

Mary swung out of bed. What could it be? Nothing much, probably, but already, whatever it was, it lent some variety to her day. It might even be something that would help shorten the weekend that had to be lived through before Monday came and she could again secretly admire Milton Morgan's broad, strong frame, marvel at his prow-

ess on the Junior High baseball team, and dream she was his "girl."

She put on her blue serge school dress, her blue socks, and flat-heeled tan shoes. She picked up her hairbrush and stood in front of the long mirror on her closet door, brushing her brunette bob. Though bathed in sunshine, her image was not impressive—sallow face, severe, straight-hanging dress, bare legs whose calves were just beginning to bulge.

She went downstairs.

"He had to go, dear, you took so long. He left this for you," her mother said, handing over a two-dollar bill. "He decided this morning that you ought to have a special birthday present for practicing so hard. He said to spend it on anything you like."

AFTER breakfast, Mary went out of the house and down Nelson Street, borrowing time from her practicing to go to Murray's Department Store on Main Street and buy Heifetz's record of the "Valse Bluette." Not long before, she had played it in Murray's record department and it had made hot chills go up and down her spine. How she had wished she owned that perfect disc, so she could play it whenever she wanted to! And now Dad had given her more than enough money to buy it. But imagine getting a present for practicing! Ever since she got past the squeaky stage in her bowing she had enjoyed practicing more than anything else in her life. She had done well, too. After only three years of lessons she had been promised a place with the second violins in the High School orchestra next fall. She thought about that whenever she felt depressed. It always made her feel better. Lately, because of Milton Morgan, she had been depressed a lot.

But outdoors, today, it was impossible not to respond to the balmy weather. Her spirits rose.

Bill Kress pedalled toward her along the sidewalk, his bicycle glinting in the sun.

"Hello, Bill," she said.

"Hello."

She turned into Main Street, her sense of well-being marred by Bill's off-hand greeting. Why, he might not even have spoken if she hadn't spoken first—

Bill Kress, who grinned and winked at half the girls in school!

Quickly, for comfort, she thought of herself sitting among the second violins next September. Her mind fastened on the proud vision almost as tightly as her hand gripped the two-dollar bill. But Mary Clark, going into Murray's Department Store, was a mouse.

To get to the record department, she had to pass several counters of women's and girls' clothes. The light frocks made a cheerful blend of colors, a continuation indoors of the spring day outside.

Mary had passed all the counters but two when something caught her eye. The sweater, stretched on a hanger, was so vivid that she halted as though by command. It was canary yellow—high, shrill, and pure. The longer she looked, the dimmer became the Red Seal record. She fingered the wool; it was light as thistledown, ideal for warm weather. But it was the clarion color that appealed to her most, stirring a deep, feminine, springtime urge to bedeck herself.

She turned the price tag. When she saw the "\$1.75," Heifetz vanished altogether.

Mrs. Federer came over. "May I help you, Mary?"

"I'll take this," Mary said, a little imperiously. (It was very pleasant having two dollars of your own to spend as you saw fit.)

Mary put the sweater on over her head and walked into the recess of the three-sided mirror.

She was so startled that she scarcely heard Mrs. Federer say, "It's tight, but it looks nice."

Mary's astonishment turned into delight. Her depression disappeared like mist before the sun. Of course, for nearly a year she and her bedroom mirror had shared an agreeable secret, but until now her schoolgirl's clothes had always hidden it.

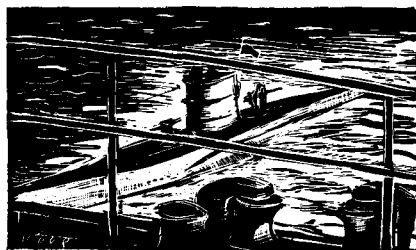
She couldn't take her eyes off her slim waist and little, pointed breasts. Her heart sang. The sweater clasped her so tightly that it hurt at the neckline. She didn't care. She knew the sweater was somehow an adequate answer to Bill Kress. She felt, catching her breath, that it might well say something forceful even to Milton Morgan.

"Shall I wrap it, Mary?"

"No, I think I'll wear it."

Mary Clark, walking out of the store, was not a mouse.

IN the sunshine the sweater was quite dazzling. It vibrated with color, like a gold cuirass. She stole a glance at herself in the mirror in Pappas' Can-





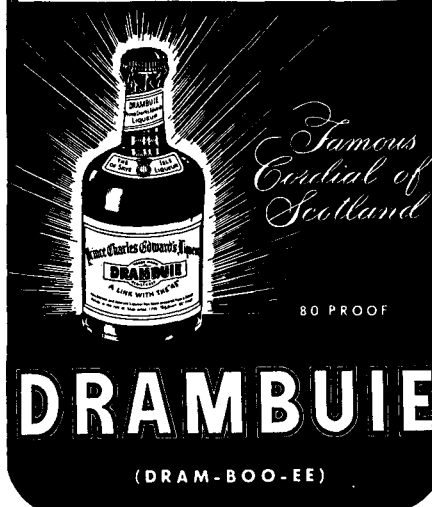
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dy Kitchen window. On down Main Street she walked, chin high and shoulders squared, stealing another look when she passed the plate-glass window of the bank. The song in her heart swelled, for she saw that her prouder carriage still further improved her amazing new figure.

She saw three boys in baseball uniform coming toward her. The one in the middle was Milton Morgan.

There was nothing surprising about it. On Saturdays, the Junior High team always practiced on the town field instead of the school field. If she had stopped to think, she wouldn't have come downtown until afternoon, because of the high probability of meeting Milton Morgan on the street. This had always been an ordeal—her embarrassed, wild hope; his always perfunctory "Hello." But now—and this was the strangest and most gratifying thing of all—she walked with outer and inner poise.

"Hello, Mary."

It was Andrew Elliston who had spoken, and his voice had a quality of interest and respect which had never been in it before.

She raised her lashes, which had been demurely lowered. Tasting the most satisfying power women know, she let her eyes look quickly at Andrew Elliston, Milton Morgan, and Joe Spencer. "Hello," she said.

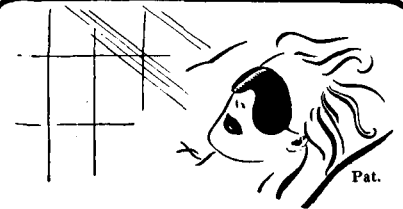
Her lashes dropped again before the boys had passed, but in that instant the color of her life had changed as dramatically as the color of her waist and shoulders. The boldest act of her life had come and gone, leaving a paean in her heart. She had dared to let herself look for a fraction of a second into the eyes of Milton Morgan. And she had seen a look there as thrilling as the new note in Andrew Elliston's voice. She had even seen that Milton Morgan paid her the tribute of stopping talking. She knew she would never be abject in his presence again.

She walked blindly, the world blotted out by the splendor of this second miracle within ten minutes. She wanted to look back and see if he was looking back. She wanted to run, or fly. But she held her leisurely, regal pace, even though the day was now steeped in magic.

Her mother was dusting the base of the living-room table. She straightened up as Mary came in.

"Well," she said, looking at her daughter as though she had never seen her before.

"It was a dollar seventy-five. Do you like it?"



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"Well, I declare—"

"Can I wear it to school next week?
Can I? Please can I?"

"Why, of course. Certainly you may,
Mary. I think it's very becoming."

MARY entered her sunny room, put the twenty-five cents change on the bureau, and went to the long mirror. Her hands trembled as she put them on her hips and looked into the reflection of her face. For the first time in her life, her brown eyes seemed to sparkle and there was a spot of color in each cheek. The future seemed as glamorous as Christmas and a birthday party combined. The gray past contrasted pitifully with the beckoning days ahead. Life was as glorious as the glorious yellow of the sweater. She wished it was Monday right now.

"Mary, dear, you're late with your practicing," came her mother's voice. Practicing!

"Mary, did you hear me?"

"For heaven's sake, Mother, of course I heard you! I'll be down in a little while."

—CHARLES COOKE

FOOTNOTE

What can I say of the death of the
russet vixen,
her young in her belly, of the beautiful
and shy
and breaking heart of the young buck
brought to his knees?
What can I say when the lean,
bell-throated hound
closes upon the spent hare's throat?

I seize
the meaning of the poet's suicide
and the refugee's, I annotate the breath
turned fire in the airman's lungs or torn
from what
was once a soldier's mouth.

But there is neither
proportion nor equality in death;
what can I say of the dying of the vixen,
what can I say of the fawn on the
spattered ground? —FRANCES FROST

Among those at Mrs. Roosevelt's tea were Messmore Kendall, a descendant of Anne Hutchinson, and the Rev. Walden Pell II, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church who is a descendant of the Indian chief who slew Mrs. Hutchinson and her children. Mr. Kendall is chairman of the restoration committee.—*The Living Church*.

You'd think they'd wish that onto Pell.

On May 1, the rate for a three-minute week-day conversation between New York and Panama was reduced from \$11.25 to \$9. On Sunday this call now costs only \$6.

These same rates also apply on calls from New York to other Central American Republics—Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

EVER since the United States government decided to take the advice of the *Daily News* and build a two-ocean fleet, the Navy has been turning out officers on a production line as rapidly and efficiently as any other commodity essential to the national-defence program. The present annual quota for ensigns, the lowest-ranking commissioned officers of the Navy, is approximately five thousand, which is more than ten times the number graduated in a peacetime year by the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Since September 1st, three training schools have gone into operation—in Annapolis, Chicago, and New York City—to produce ensigns. Unmarried volunteers between nineteen and twenty-seven with at least two years of college education have been recruited in encouragingly large numbers for a three-month course which is designed to transform them into officers and, as any Navy man will tell you, into gentlemen too.

The New York assembly plant, which can handle five hundred students at a time, is an old battleship built during the Spanish-American War, now moored at 135th Street and the Hudson River. In 1924, as a result of the Washington Conference, it was disarmed and converted into a training ship, at a cost of \$180,000, by the erection of a huge wooden shed that replaced almost the whole superstructure and gave the vessel the appearance of a gigantic houseboat. Until recently the battleship was known as the U.S.S. Illinois; a few months ago a new addition to the fleet was assigned that name, and the training ship is now called the U.S.S. Prairie State.

THE other morning I went up to the Prairie State, approaching it through a fenced-in parking lot with a sign at its gate saying "Government Reservation." The training ship, tied up parallel to the shore, seemed as firmly rooted to land as the United States Army. A blue rear admiral's flag with two white stars on it

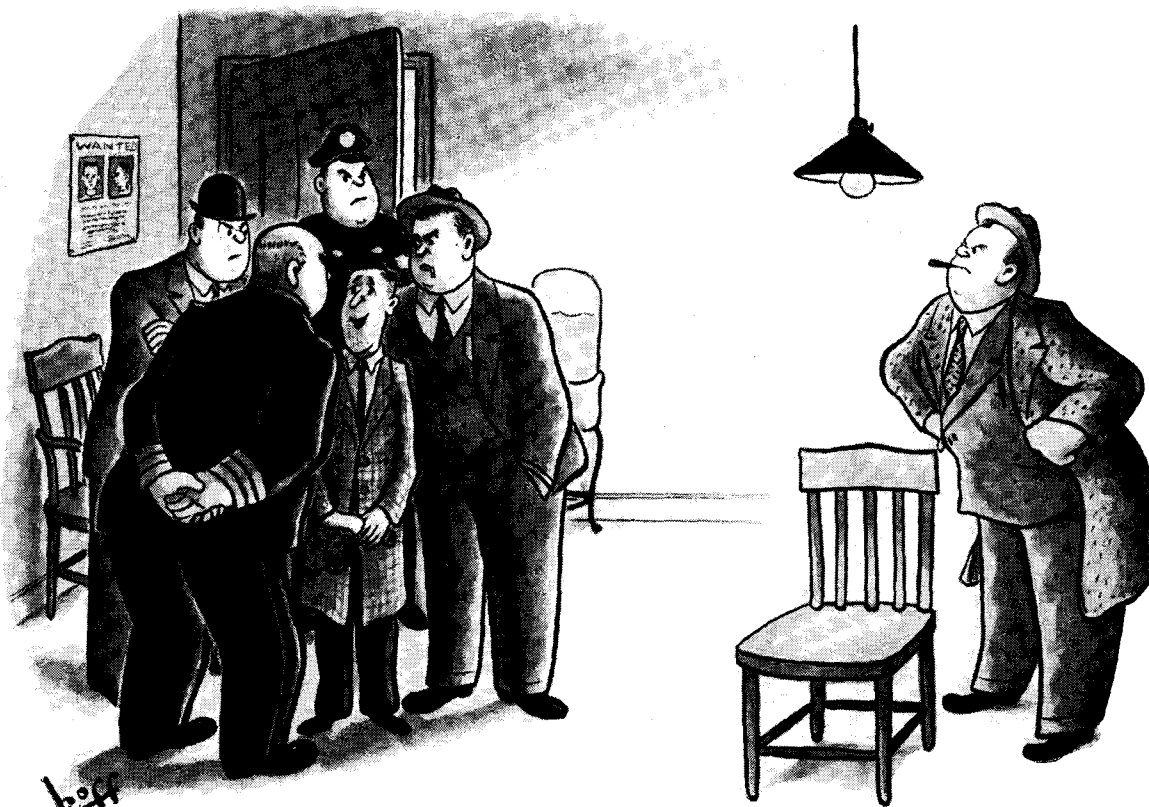
MIDSHIPMEN'S COUNTRY

was flying from the mainmast. This, I figured from what I had read in the newspapers, was the flag of Rear Admiral Adolphus Andrews, who recently took over the command of the Third Naval District—New York, Connecticut, and northern New Jersey—and chose the Prairie State for his flagship because it was the only vessel of appropriate size in town. He rarely turns up in person, I learned later. I walked up a covered gangway and was met at the head of it by an officer who at my request went off to look for Captain John J. London, commander of the training school. While I waited, a naval student, wearing a midshipman's training uniform of navy-blue wide-bottomed trousers, a navy-blue flannel shirt, a black four-in-hand, a navy-blue-and-white circular cap, and a name tag on his chest, ambled over. He asked me if I had two nickels for a dime and when I gave them to him deposited one in a nearby candy-dispensing machine. There were two such machines, as well as a cigarette vender, next to a cashier's window, where the men, I learned, got paid. Over it hung a sign saying "No Checks Cashed."

After a few minutes I was escorted by a petty officer up to the main, or drill,

deck, an immense room directly beneath the ship's shed. The deck is four hundred feet long and fifty wide, and a badminton, a basketball, a volleyball, and a handball court are marked out on its surface. Around the sides of the room, seated at tables, were some two hundred midshipmen, reading, taking notes, or working on mathematical problems. There was none of the gentle hum of conversation you might find in a college library or any of the stiffness you'd expect at Annapolis. Many of the students were smoking, which is not allowed at the Naval Academy. Captain London, a trim man with gray hair, four stripes on his sleeves, and a lot of gilt on the visor of his cap was standing at one end of the room, and after I had met him he suggested that we make a brief tour of the ship. We set off with an enlisted man tagging along faithfully at our heels. I learned that he is the Captain's orderly and that his duties are to stick close to the Captain and snap on light switches, open doors, and perform other courteous functions. There are a hundred enlisted men on board; the other ninety-nine keep the ship clean, attend to the cooking, and assist the fifty officers on the teaching and administrative staffs.

We went belowdecks and as we walked along the Captain told me that

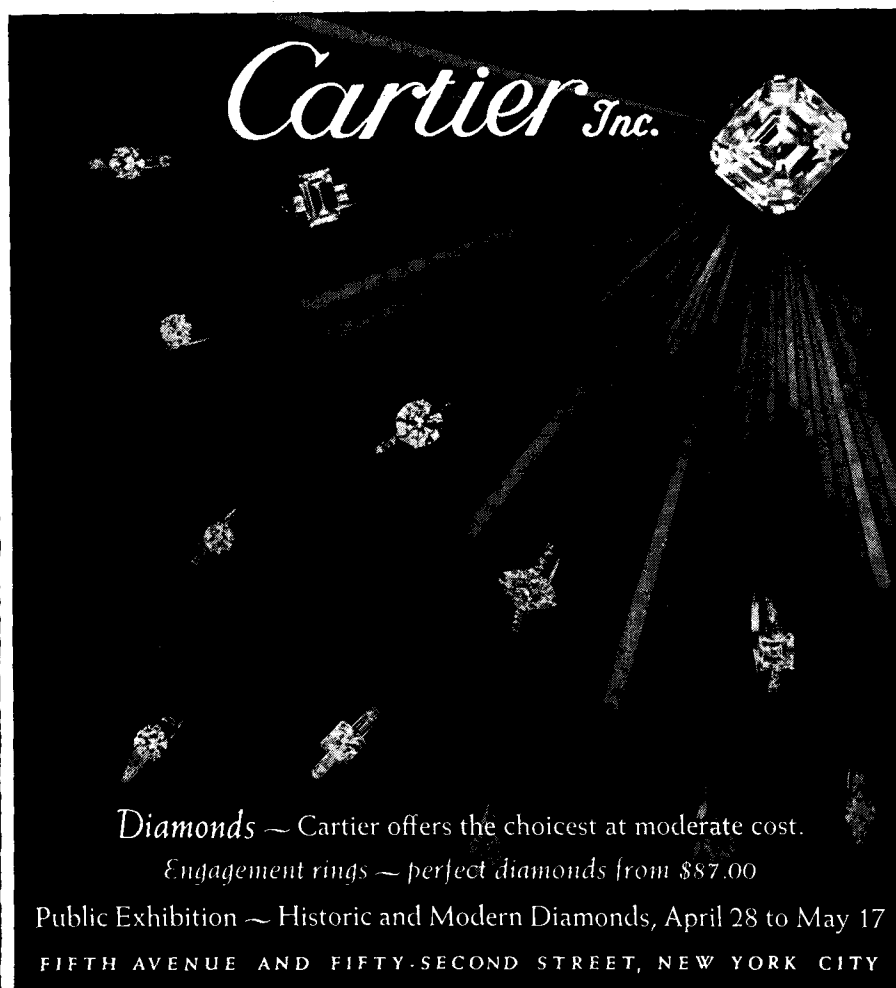


"Thank you, I'd rather stand."

no one had lived on the ship before last September. Up to that time it was uninhabitable and was used only for the semiweekly drills of the New York Naval Militia. The Navy accordingly went to considerable trouble making it homey, spending a total of \$100,000 on sleeping, eating, and washing facilities, including \$25,000 for heating the dormitories. We inspected a sample dormitory, which contained rows and rows of double-decked beds, each made up with two white blankets marked with a number. There was no other furniture in the room. Every student, upon entering the school, is assigned a number, which is stencilled on his bed, his bedding, his locker, his clothes, and his schoolbooks. In the corridor outside the dormitory we stopped next to a midshipman who was rummaging in his locker. He came to attention and saluted while the Captain peered into the locker and pulled out the sleeve of a dress coat, which the students wear when on leave. "No stripes on this yet, but I hope we'll be able to put some there," he said. "I hope so, too, sir," said the midshipman reverently.

Captain London invited me to come along to his cabin with him, since he had to attend to some business there. His orderly, who had been following diligently in our wake, pulled up abruptly at the door and stationed himself outside, like a watchdog. The Captain sat down and started to read a mimeographed sheet issued by a naval public-relations bureau which said that at the school's most recent commencement four hundred and thirty-four new officers had been delivered to the Navy. "They represent two hundred and four separate colleges and two hundred and ten of them are college graduates," Captain London read. (Later that day another statistically inclined officer informed me that in the current enrollment there are dozens of college crew men and four crew captains, including one from Harvard and one from Princeton.)

IT costs the government about a thousand dollars to send a student through the training course, including his monthly pay of sixty-five dollars, and seventy-five cents a day for his food—twenty-five cents more than is allowed for sailors in the Navy. Considering the number of hours the students put in daily, the government is getting them at bargain rates. Their movements are precisely scheduled from 6:20 in the morning (in Navy time, 0620), when reveille is sounded by playing a phono-



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graph record of a bugle call over a loud-speaker system, until 10:15 at night (2215), when taps is similarly blown. There are two sittings for each meal. The first mess call for breakfast is at 6:40. From 7:45 to 11:45 there are alternately recitations and study periods, each lasting an hour. The students are divided into two groups; half of them are studying to be deck officers and learning about seamanship, navigation, and ordnance, and the other half, destined to be engineers, are busying themselves with boilers, turbines, and the like. The deck men study while the engineers recite, and vice versa. Lunch begins at 11:50, and an hour later the midshipmen are back at their studies, where they remain until shortly before a brief physical-exercise period at 3 o'clock. After this they spend an hour and a half doing practical work based on the theories they have been taught. From 4:30, they have an hour and twenty minutes of liberty, which some of them, evidently possessed of redoubtable energy, voluntarily devote to athletics. Dinner begins at 5:50 and at 7 they either resume studying or attend an educational movie. This occupies them until half an hour before taps, by which time few of them are inclined to do anything but fall into their bunks, though the Navy has given them permission to continue studying, if they like, until 11 o'clock.

This routine is varied on weekends, when they have more time off, or when they are sent on all-day cruises on the U.S.S. Sylph, a yacht attached to the Prairie State. The Sylph, which is tied up at a pier immediately south of the Prairie State, was formerly called Intrepid. It cost a million dollars to build and belonged to Walter P. Murphy, a Chicago railway-equipment manufacturer, who sold it to the government for a dollar. Forty men go out on it at a time, usually sailing out into the Atlantic but keeping well within the Neutrality Zone. When they find themselves in comparatively open waters they practice rifle shooting, using crates and boxes

towed behind the Sylph as targets. Aside from these excursions, the midshipmen never travel on water, and won't until they become ensigns in the Naval Reserve. Before entering school, every student was given a month's cruise on a battleship as a kind of practical introduction to the Navy, but the instructors do not regard the cruise as especially important. "All we could do with them then was to see they didn't fall overboard," one officer told me.

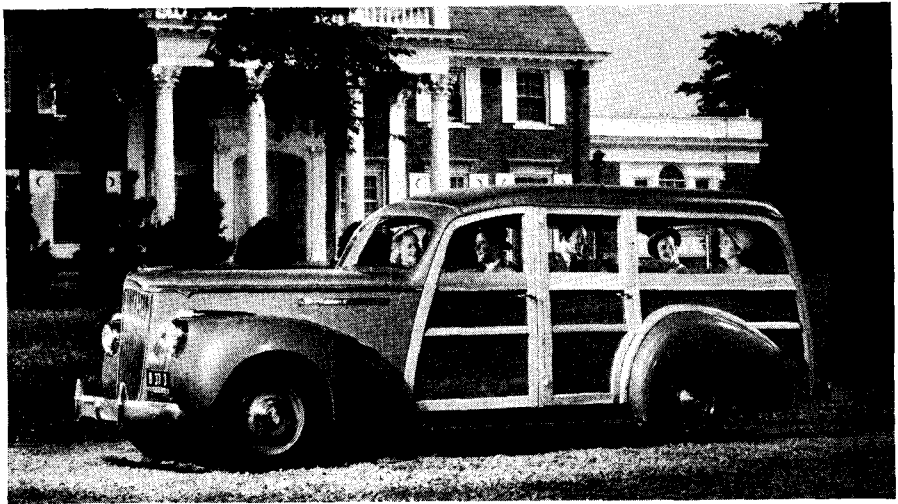
ONLY two officers sleep on the Prairie State. The rest go ashore when their classes are over, holding that there is no more reason for their staying aboard overnight than there would be for a university professor's hanging around a freshman dormitory. I asked Captain London casually what time he had to be on board in the morning, and his answer reminded me that I was talking to the commander of a ship. "The Captain does not *have* to be on board at any time," he said. "The Captain does what he *wants* to." He then said that he usually gets there at 0830 and remains for the day. He tries to avoid strolling through classrooms, because at his approach the men are compelled to rise and salute and the educational process is retarded. He and his officers do not nag at lagging students. "If they don't study, they don't graduate," he told me, "and if they don't graduate, they have to explain it to their friends and families. That keeps them going." He added that, even working at top speed, his protégés would probably find themselves at a disadvantage, after graduation, compared to ensigns from the Naval Academy. "We can't hope to make our men real naval officers in so short a time," he said. "People often ask me, 'How can they learn in three months what a midshipman takes four years to learn?' My answer is they can't."

Before visiting the ship, I had heard that the students on it were supposed to pretend they were far out at sea and to ignore the fact that they were in New York, even if they lived here and were within easy reach of their families by telephone. Captain London assured me that this notion was wrong, although parents are not allowed to call up and interrupt classes. He pointed out, however, that when one of his assistants complained to the Telephone Company recently that the ship's three coin boxes were apparently out of order, the company retorted that they were simply too jammed with nickels to accommodate any more. As a result, two addition-



al booths were installed. Parents and friends, moreover, are welcome to come aboard on Saturday mornings, when the Captain formally inspects his men. During their eighty minutes of liberty in the afternoon the students are permitted to leave the ship and on Saturdays they are free to go away from noon until one in the morning, and in some cases to three. On Sundays their time is their own from nine in the morning until six in the evening. Last fall they were allowed to stay ashore all Saturday night, but the Captain decided that this was an unsound policy. "Naturally, in their youthful exuberance, they went out and had a lively time and couldn't concentrate on their homework Sunday evening," he said. "It wasn't fair to them."

I asked Captain London if I might look in on some of the classes, and he summoned Lieutenant Commander W. D. Austin, who is in charge of academic life on the ship. "Try not to disturb them," the Captain admonished us. "Sneak up on them. When I go in," he added morosely, "they all jump." We promised to be as unobtrusive as possible. We went first to a class of engineers, where seventeen students were reciting on electrical-engineering theory. Unlike many groups of college students I have seen, they all had their eyes open and were looking intently at their instructor. A diagram of a generator had been drawn on a blackboard and the students were talking in a highly technical way about motors and electric currents. "We give them all the fundamentals," Lieutenant Commander Austin whispered. We tiptoed away, left the ship, and walked across the parking lot to an old building belonging to the New York Central Railroad, where the Navy has set up ten classrooms. In the four of these I saw, classes in navigation were being given. The students were all energetically manipulating drafting instruments. "They're plotting now—laying down their courses as if they were on an actual ship," Lieutenant Commander Austin said. Our presence seemed to be distracting them, so we left. "We can't afford any interruptions," Lieutenant Commander Austin said. "If we don't follow the routine very closely, we can't ever get through the day." Outside, he suggested that I come back in the afternoon and watch the boys go through their physical exercises and drills. I shook hands with him and returned to civilian life for a few hours. It somehow made me feel better to know that I could now specifically point to at least five hundred people in the city who were going about the busi-



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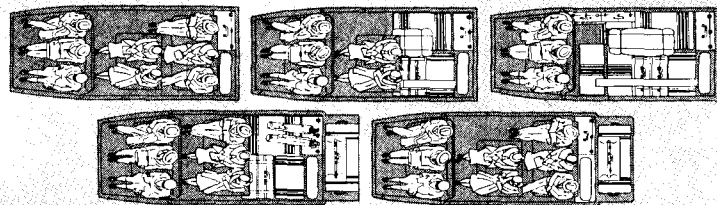
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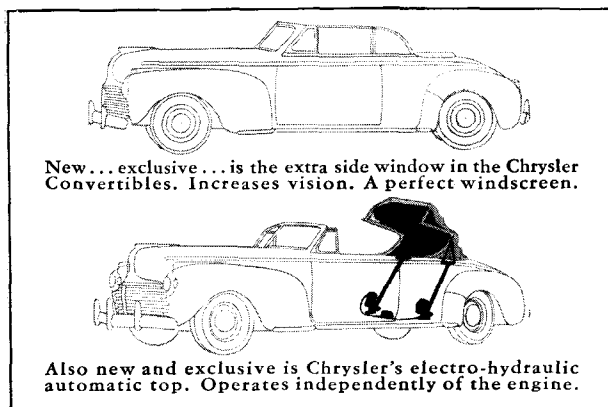
WHEN I got back to the ship early that afternoon, I went to Lieutenant Commander Austin's office at the rear of the drill deck. He told me that in my absence the midshipmen had consumed a lunch of fish chowder, baked pork, gravy, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, lettuce-and-tomato salad, bread and butter, pie, milk, and coffee, which they had polished off in half an hour flat. "That's a pretty good meal, isn't it?" he said, turning for confirmation to an enlisted man working at the next desk. "Frankly speaking," said the man, "we ate better in the Navy." I expected him to be put in irons instantly, but the Lieutenant Commander merely smiled tolerantly.

Shortly before three, the midshipmen assembled in four companies on the drill deck. A few general orders were barked out and a company commander then cried, "Double time, down the quarter-deck gangway." At that they trotted off the ship in single file, ran through an adjacent railroad yard, and reassembled in ranks on a pier a couple of hundred yards away. Lieutenant Commander Austin and I watched them do setting-up exercises from a window of his office. For fifteen minutes or so they bent their knees, beat their chests, and waved their arms, then finished off with a modified version of leapfrog and returned to the ship, double time. While waiting for them to line up again on the drill deck, Lieutenant Commander Austin took me over to a bulletin board with a sheet on it entitled "Conduct Reports" and subtitled "Delinquencies." One man was down for "Articles Adrift." This, the Lieutenant Commander told me, simply meant the man was sloppy, which is not a particularly grave offence; another man, who had "Conduct Unbecoming to a Midshipman" after his name, was in much more trouble. Punishments for minor shipboard misdemeanors usually consist of restrictions of shore leave and other liberties; serious or repeated offences may lead to expulsion. There is no brig, and no disciplinary potato-peeling, since the galley is staffed exclusively by enlisted men. "These midshipmen are officers, in a sense, and we treat them like officers," Lieutenant Commander Austin said. "Conduct unbecoming to a midshipman is conduct unbecoming to a gentleman—drunkenness, disrespectfulness, disobedience, and so forth. Our men are supposed to be gentlemen."

By that time the men, some of them



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puffing slightly and blowing their noses, had formed in ranks again. They were commanded to stand at parade rest, a position with the legs spread and the hands clasped behind the back, as they listened to orders of the day issuing from a loudspeaker: an announcement of a basketball game between Companies 1 and 3, a polite suggestion that while on leave they drop in at an exhibition downtown of models of naval craft, and finally the news that there would be dancing—instructresses from Arthur Murray's drop in for a patriotic shag once a week—from 1900 to 1955 that evening. While I was figuring out that that meant from 7 to 7:55, Lieutenant Commander Austin remarked, "The Captain believes that dancing is desirable in a naval officer's education."

THREE minutes later, after executing a few about-faces, the midshipmen spread out to their assignments aboard ship or in the classrooms ashore. There were half a dozen groups in the big drill room, and Lieutenant Commander Austin and I walked from one to another. The first was a class in seamanship. The officer in charge had a large, round tactical board, looking, except for some strings attached to it, like a roulette wheel. He put this down in the centre of the badminton court, and a dozen students, forming two lines on opposite sides of the court, produced from their pockets toy ships, which they placed on the deck in front of them. "Each man is the commanding officer of his ship," Lieutenant Commander Austin explained, "and he moves it as if in actual battle." First, it developed, they were going through a signal drill. Their instructor had an assortment of small metal signal flags. When he hooked one onto a big wooden box, the men were supposed to move their ships in accordance with the signal. Before the men got around to experimenting with the tactical board, we went on to a group which appeared to be practicing rope-skipping but were really learning how to tie knots. I asked Lieutenant Commander Austin what kind they were tying, and he asked the presiding officer. "Rolling hitch," he said sharply, and two of the trainees, who had been staring at their lengths of rope uncertainly, seemed relieved to get the information.

Farther down the room a class was engaged in a spotting drill—looking through a telescope at a long table covered with a green cloth on which there were a couple of tiny wads of cotton. "Those wads are splashes," Lieutenant Commander Austin said. "The men



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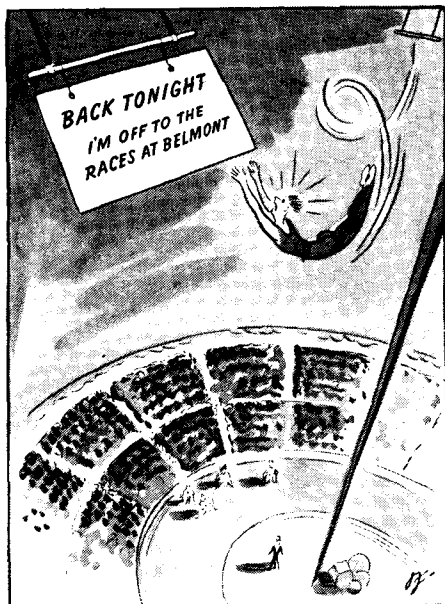
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look through the telescope and figure out how far the splashes are from their guns." As we moved on, their instructor was giving out a homework assignment. "For Saturday," he ordered, "construct a short-range splash diagram." Then we came to a class in gunnery. A chief gunner's mate was demonstrating the fine points of a large, blue-gray cannon, which Austin assured me was an authentic piece, though unloaded. The only shells aboard the ship are dummies, and in the unlikely case that a boarding party raided the Prairie State, the ship's chief line of defence would be a thousand fists, a couple of marlinspikes, and the old Navy spirit.

Going belowdecks again, we passed a large group of fledgling engineers, who were listening to a pep talk on naval decorum. We walked boldly through a door which bore a sign reading "Midshipmen's Country. Keep Out." Beyond it were some dormitories and lockers. I asked Lieutenant Commander Austin if we were trespassing. "Well, I guess I'm the head of the midshipmen," he said. "I guess I can go where I want to." We got through without incident.

A few minutes later I left, and when I reached the foot of the gangplank, I ran into an officer I had met earlier in the day. He asked me what I thought of the training school, and I said I thought it was fine. "Well," he said, "we try not to be too hard on the boys. We got to be careful with them at the start, but we got to be tough too. After all, maybe they'll be in the Navy for the rest of their lives." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

The dogs were unleashed. They were given clothing the fugitives had worn in the prison; they sniffed it, put their noses to the footprints, then set up a terrific baying, and started up a 75-foot cliff.

All of them carried rifles at their sides; they also had revolvers. I was unarmed, so they told me to follow about 25 feet to the rear of them.—*The Post*.

Did they let you bay?

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Providence Evening Bulletin]

Mrs. Albert L. Calder, 2nd, of Angell street, left yesterday for Washington, D.C., where she will attend the annual meetings of the Daughters of the Barons of Runnemede, Knights of the Garter, Knights of the Bath, Founders and Patriots of America, Daughters of the American Revolution, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company and Mayflower Society.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE Axis powers would like to help Iraq throw off the yoke of British imperialism. They admire the Arabs for their intense love of liberty and their filling stations.

Those hostile gestures which the Russians are making at the Reich probably mean no more than usual. Stalin is a man who always clouds up but never rains.

One can easily believe the report that Nazi tourists are swarming into Spain and French Africa. Germans are firm believers in the broadening effects of travel.

No doubt Hitler intends to win the war if he possibly can. He must have moments, however, when he wishes he were as sure of victory as Lindbergh is.

It is a relief to learn that the government will put on no high-pressure campaign for the sale of defence bonds. Many of us didn't enjoy the other World War because of those four-minute speeches.

The President's shipping-pool plan requires that the railroads take over some of the hauling now done by coastwise vessels. It will be like old times to see freight trains carrying things here and there.

The Esposito brothers, who acted like morons throughout their trial, were convicted of murder after a minute's deliberation. The broadminded jury readily forgave them for not being intellectual giants.

A St. Louis bank has foreclosed a mortgage on a Seattle cathedral. Thus modern business methods eliminate distance and make us all neighbors.

The Supreme Court affirms the doctrine of race equality in interstate transportation. Colored people have as much right to ride in Pullmans as white folk and porters.

The long dry spell has caused serious fires and much crop damage. April gave us nothing but girlish laughter.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



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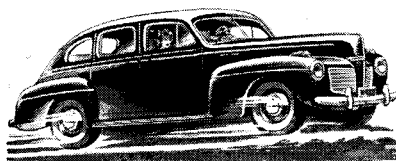
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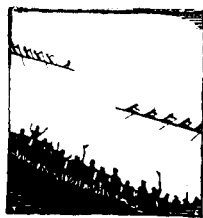


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THE OARSMEN

More or Less Moot



WHEN asked who has the best crew in the East this year, some say Columbia, some say Harvard, and others say "Who cares?"

We can regard this last school of thought as inconsequential and study the claims of the first two. Both Columbia and Harvard are unbeaten as yet, and they have met about the same brand of opposition. Columbia has won from Navy, and last Saturday Harvard beat Princeton, which had previously won from Navy. Harvard's only other victim has been M.I.T., supposedly no pushover, while Columbia has licked Rutgers, Pennsylvania, and Yale. There isn't really a solid basis for comparison, but then there never will be, since the Columbia and Harvard heavyweight crews aren't scheduled to row each other. This department is absolutely neutral, with a slight leaning toward Harvard. Cornell, second to Washington at Poughkeepsie last year, would be in the running if it hadn't lost to Navy. On the other hand, Cornell is the college with the most legitimate complaint about the weather. Cayuga's waters were frozen right up until the end of March.

In Philadelphia last Saturday, at the Blackwell Cup regatta, the spirit of the afternoon was best expressed by a Pennsylvania undergraduate just after the freshman race, which Penn won. "Well," he said to a friend when the two of them had finished jumping for joy, "let's go over and rub it into those Yale lugs." As a matter of fact, the worst for the Yale lugs was yet to come. They wound up by placing third to the Columbia and Penn varsities in the main event, an experience altogether new to them after fourteen years of Blackwell Cup competition. Yale has won ten times and come in second four. On Saturday, the Penn crew amazed everyone by leading for almost a mile and hanging on so stubbornly when the other two boats made their bids that only Columbia could pass it. Even that little red flag Yale coxswains wave in a pinch didn't do the trick this time. Robert Kaufman, the Columbia cox, had a better charm. He was wearing the same light blue pajama pants that he grabbed up in a hurry last year when he couldn't find his regular trunks before the Navy race. His boat won then, and he has

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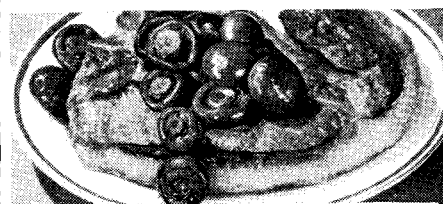
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believed ever since that pajamas are *de rigueur* for crew races.

The Blackwell Cup, if you didn't know, is donated by the family of the late George E. Blackwell, a Columbia graduate who saw every Columbia race from 1895 to 1922 except one. The same three crews compete for it every year, and the distance varies with the location. On the Housatonic, it's two miles; on the Harlem, one and three-quarters; and on the Schuylkill, the scene of this year's race, one and five-sixteenths—the same distance as the Henley Regatta and much too short for this department's money. Nobody outside a shell is really satisfied with a grind of less than two miles.

OBSERVERS of the race at Cambridge last week say that the Harvard boat was rowed in a typically calm but impressive manner. When it got around to taking the lead, after letting Princeton and M.I.T. fight it out between themselves for nearly a mile, it did so without noticeable effort and eventually won going away. Toward the end, Princeton went off its course a little and M.I.T. caught the first crab of the season, all of which made the winners look the more aloof and unruffled. If the Harvard boys can keep their dignity throughout their coming races with Navy, Penn, Cornell, and Syracuse, Yale will probably have to steal their oars to make them lose either it or the race at New London.

A VERY limited number of people will recall the mention here last week of Rusty Callow, the Pennsylvania coach, and his former ties with the University of Washington. No slight, of course, was aimed at Sanford of Cornell, Bolles of Harvard, Moch of M.I.T., Spuhn of Princeton, Logg of Rutgers, or Leader of Yale. All these men and most of their assistants rowed at Washington too, and probably think of the good old days more than once during a season among these Eastern midgits.

—RIGGER

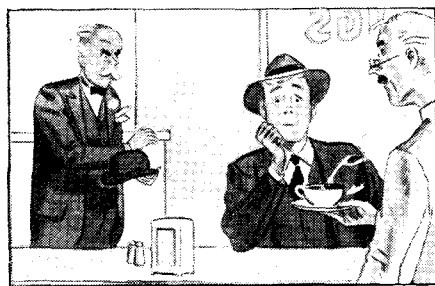
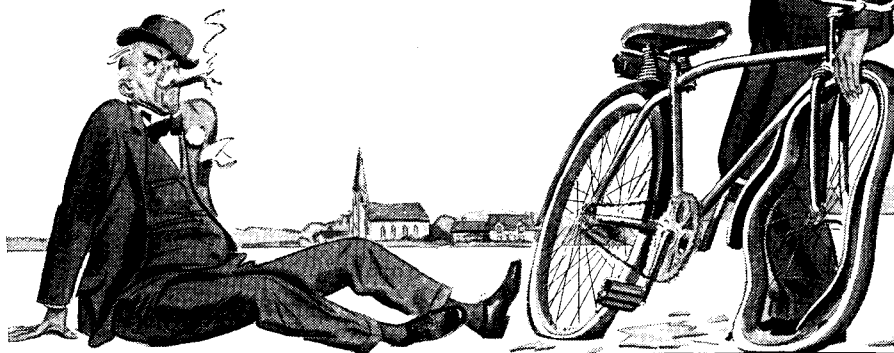
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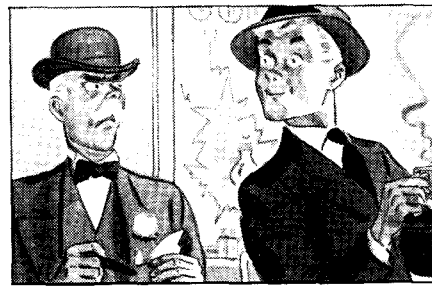
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1. I was riding my bicycle home, first day of my new job, when who should I run smack-dab into but my new boss! I knocked him flat, skidded across the sidewalk, and went through the biggest plate-glass window in the drug-store!



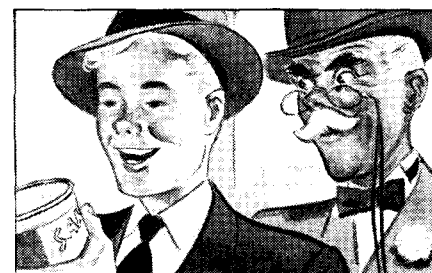
2. Nobody was hurt much, but my bike was ruined. The boss was so mad he fired me on the spot. The druggist wanted to call the police... until I promised to pay for the window. Then he gave me a cup of coffee.



3. "One for you, sir?" he asked the boss. "No!" the boss snapped. "Never touch it! The caffeine keeps me awake." So I piped up, timidly: "Have you tried Sanka Coffee? It's 97% caffeine-free, and can't keep you awake."



4. "That's right," said the druggist. "I serve Sanka Coffee myself." The boss said: "In that case, I'll try a cup." He drank it. His face brightened some. "Hum—good!" he grunted. "But are you sure it's 97% caffeine-free?"



5. I showed him, on a can of Sanka Coffee, where it said: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'"



6. Next day I got a note from the boss. "Thanks for telling me about Sanka Coffee. It's wonderful, and lets me sleep. Come to work tomorrow... I can't lose a smart boy like you. P. S. I paid for the broken window."



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(Adv.)

THE RACE TRACK

Whirlwind



WHIRLAWAY surprised almost nobody except me and about seventeen other fellows who saw him win the Kentucky Derby last weekend, but he certainly flabbergasted us. Apparently everyone else believed the new adage: second in the Derby Trial, first in the Derby. Anyhow, he was the favorite, and all those people who bought tickets on him weren't wrong. He ran the mile and a quarter in 2:01 $\frac{2}{5}$ (two-fifths of a second faster than it had ever been run before at Churchill Downs), did the last quarter in 24 seconds, which is something of a feat itself, and raced down his opposition more completely than War Admiral or Johnstown did when they won the same race. I grieve to report that now people are calling this year's winner Whirly.

Unusual care was taken before the race not to excite Whirlaway, who is a particularly nervous animal. To calm him, he was led to the start by his pet stable pony, who stood beside him at the gate until he was put into his stall. That sort of thing isn't permitted in New York, or, I fancy, at Pimlico. The winner also got a break because the band, which plays the horses to the post and usually stirs up the more highly strung ones, was rather muted. Someone remarked that he had seldom heard "My Old Kentucky Home" performed with less fervor.

The start of the Derby was good, and for three-quarters of a mile Dispose and Porter's Cap led, with Blue Pair and Our Boots fairly close. Then Whirlaway began to catch up. Straightening out for home, he bounded away from the others. In the last furlong, Staretor, who some horsemen say reminds them of Exterminator, came up to finish second, a neck in front of Market Wise. There was less rough riding than in any other Derby I remember; perhaps the boys are getting to be old softies. At any rate, there were two moments when Arcaro, who rode Whirlaway, could have been blocked (and possibly have lost the race, although it's hard to believe that, for he won so easily, and by eight lengths), but both times he got through without being hindered. I thought he rode very well.

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Possibly he has the knack of handling Whirlaway—riding with a light hand, or something. Whatever the reason, the colt behaved better for him than for any of the seven other boys who have ridden him.

In my book, what keeps Whirlaway from being a great horse is the fact that while he has extraordinary speed, he has no control: sometimes he runs too wide at the stretch turn and then goes on to win spectacularly, and sometimes he just runs too wide. He is, as you should know, a chestnut colt by Blenheim II and Dustwhirl, and is owned by Warren Wright, who bred him at Calumet Farm, near Lexington. The most distinguished thing about him is his tail, which is the longest and most luxuriant I've ever seen on a racehorse. Disgruntled horseplayers have suggested after some of his races that most of his strength must have gone into his tail, and that it might help some to trim it down to a short bob. His stable isn't much worried about that, though, for at the moment he is the leading three-year-old (the \$61,275 Derby purse brought his earnings for the season to \$68,050), and his trainer, Ben Jones, says he is just getting good. Whirlaway will run for The Preakness at Baltimore on Saturday, but don't ask me how he'll run. For one thing, Arcaro may not ride him because Greentree Stable, to which he is under contract, may have something in the race; for another, the turns at Pimlico are sharper than at Churchill Downs. Frankly, my guess is that there'll be a different winner, though I wouldn't know who.

NOW for a few of the important disappointments of the Derby. Porter's Cap tired, but I'm not yet ready to believe that the luck of Charlie Howard, who owns him, has run out. Dispose went well as far as he went, but I fear that a mile-and-a-quarter race with the very best horses is beyond his powers. Blue Pair, who beat Whirlaway in the Derby Trial, is a nice colt, but it was quite a different Whirlaway he met in the Derby. Our Boots had an alibi. McCreary, his jockey, said that the ground broke from under the horse at the start, causing the animal to stand on his head. Despite this calamity, I saw Our Boots running fourth, and rather easily, too, for nearly a mile.

IT is a deplorable fact that the only horse I saw in Louisville worth mentioning, except for those in the Derby, was a two-year-old. He's one you can cheer about, though. His name is

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1. Here we see a man who wears his regular shirts even on the hottest days and pays the price in perspiration. Whereas . . .

2. This fellow wears a cool Arrow Summer Shirt, made of a porous, lightweight fabric and is perfectly at ease, thank you. (White and fancy, \$2, up.)

3. Here is the new Arrow Doubler, a handsome oxford cloth shirt

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"Where the Park Begins"

5th Avenue at 59th St., N. Y. C. • Eugene Voit, Manager

Black Raider, he is owned by Milky Way Farm, and he won the Bashford Manor Stakes with plenty to spare, although he gave big weight to everything else in the race. I am not sure he is as fast as Albatross, but those two are going to put up a good show when they meet.

EVERY year the crowd at Churchill Downs seems larger and the parties in the clubhouse more rowdy. Colonel Matt Winn, the gloomy old conservative who runs the track, said that a hundred thousand people saw this year's Derby. Maybe so; whatever the number, they bet \$1,935,651 that afternoon—not a lot more than some forty thousand spectators will drop into the tote at Belmont Park one of these bright Saturday afternoons.

THE three-year-old fillies must have had the time of their lives in the Pimlico Oaks on Saturday, especially Cis Marion. She brought off the amazing feat of beating Level Best, who nearly everyone thought was the best two-year-old last season. Less than a fortnight earlier, Cis Marion had been beaten by Swain, who ran last all the way in the Derby.

NOTES ON AN OLD JULEP GLASS: Calumet Farm grooms say Whirlaway ran well because one of the visiting cinema stars gave him a great big kiss before the race. . . . Little Beans kicked a policeman's hand during the parade to the post. . . . A half-brother of Porter's Cap was born on the morning of the Derby. . . . Colonel Martingale liked the absent-minded cane seller who kept chanting, "Souvenir of the Fair, souvenir of the Fair."—AUDAX MINOR

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From *Audley vs. Audley*, 196 App. Div. (N.Y.) 103]

The decisions refer to the relationship of uncles and nieces and aunts and nephews as being of the whole or half blood, and for brevity, I have done so; but that is not strictly accurate because for an uncle and niece to be of the whole blood would require both parents of the niece to be of the whole blood with the uncle and that could only be if the parents of the niece were brother and sister of the whole blood. A niece, one only of whose parents is of the blood and of the whole blood with the uncle, would be of the half blood of the common ancestor while her uncle would be of his whole blood; and if the parent of the niece who is of the same blood as the uncle is only of the half blood, then the niece would only be of the quarter blood while her uncle would be of the half blood of the common ancestor.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



WITH the advent of the first lilac in Westchester, the mood of the true New York woman wanders dreamily away from apartment-house living and transports her to a world where she is mussily content to loll on beaches, fuss with gardens, and pursue golf balls. She is restless for the idle life, and the play clothes urged upon her every year at this time encourage such back-to-nature yearnings to a fever point; in fact, they do their best to blind her to the realization that it is almost impossible to get through a summer without at least a few formal moments. Under the spell of such offerings, most women are prone to forget that a crisp white piqué play dress with a buttoned-down skirt may be both attractive and chic in a resort village but will do nothing for their egos at the Saratoga races or at lunch on the St. Regis roof. The really sad thing is that too often life is not made easy for the rare woman who does not thus forget. Few of the Continental designers who are now in our midst have any idea how firmly we insist upon comfort and as much informality as possible in summer clothes, no matter where they are worn, and it is equally true that many American designers do not respect the fact that a woman coming in from the country for lunch or dinner in town cannot feel poised unless what she wears is urban.

Therefore, I salute the rare sensitivity of Erik, the hat man, at 15 East 53rd Street, who has the answer, at least as far as hats are concerned. Formerly the pet milliner of the international set in London and Paris, he shows things that are cosmopolitan without being condescending, informal without being lackadaisical, gay without being too outrageous. He also possesses a talent that seems to me essential to his business: that of making you look as attractive as you can. One charming trick, for people who motor in open cars to destinations where they want to make a romantic appearance, is a combination small-and-large hat. You start out wearing a wrapped white jersey turban with a great froth of flowers on top and take along, on the back seat, a great straw cartwheel with a brim turned slightly upward and a small hole in its centre. When the time comes to appear gracious and sweeping, you fit the cartwheel over the turban, so the flowery top of the turban pokes through the hole in

the cartwheel to form a fluffy crown. The cartwheel can thus be anchored at whatever coquettish angle you like.

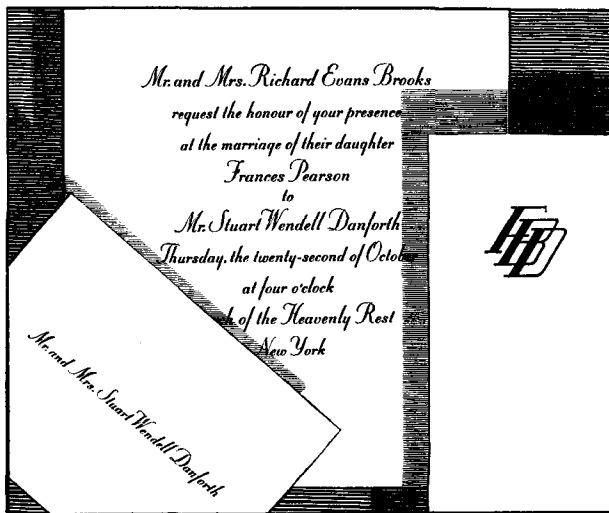
When Erik's hats are large, they are often as much as a yard across; one particularly alluring effort is a vast white straw affair that has a tiny crown wrapped in black veiling with large black dots and held to an upward sweep at one side by narrow black velvet ribbon. When his hats are small, they are often full of monkey tricks. One is a plaque of beige Nassau sponge with flowers perched high at the top and black velvet ribbon to hold it on. He uses Lucite, weaving threads of it in an open-work pattern, to make such things as a tiny sailor with red grosgrain piping and a vivid veil or a wide headband with black velvet ribbon casually wound through it. If you want sheer madness, real blonde curls bob from the front of a black velvet cap that is further ornamented with white orchids up one side. A Queen Mary toque—and I always thought the fashion beautiful—has rust flowers and black birds' wings and Gala-Gala veiling. Gala-Gala is a pet color of his, a green-gray-blue like a faint, muted turquoise, and except for black and white, you'll see more of it than anything else around the shop. Look at it in a diamond-shaped pillbox of rough straw which fastens

to the head with a black jersey band.

Erik has also taken into consideration the fact that many women who wear tailored suits feel grim in mannish felts and, on the other hand, idiotic in a hat composed of, say, three gardenias. He shows beautiful, casual felts, usually turned up at one or both sides. One is a green-blue affair with one black felt inset in its low crown and another, piece-of-pie-shaped, in its brim. This is \$20; prices start at \$15 and range well upward, and whether you buy or not, there is not a trace of pressure within this charming black-and-white establishment. They're friendly as well as talented around here.

IT is difficult at first to concentrate on the wares of Chez Ninon, at 785 Fifth Avenue (60th), because the view of the Park across the way is so tempting, but once you settle down you'll find the sort of clothes that would be at home almost anywhere. Among the quantities of trim suits are some two-piece ones with blouses; others consist of dresses with fitted jackets to match or with contrasting redingotes. They are made of the most imaginative fabrics you can think of—a fine check in Shocking pink and black, for instance, on a heavy stuff resembling faille. You'll al-





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These and other Jacqueline Cochran preparations at better stores everywhere. At B. Altman and Jay Thorpe in New York

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so find combinations of a wool jersey jacket and a crêpe dress, and prints in exclusive and wonderful designs; one with a blue ground and white plaster busts of Louis XV (including a pink ribbon across his chest) printed on it makes a dress with a redingote of brilliant raspberry-pink tweed. A bright-blue tie-silk print of a dull, clinging texture has curly white monogram patterns all over it; a beige crêpe with tiny turquoise-and-black speckles makes a dress and jacket. Still another print has a dark-red ground on which is printed a diamond pattern that turns out to consist of a clasped-hands motif. The buttons are invariably interesting, usually being great hunks of plastic with raised patterns in a contrasting color on them. Another simple and effective button looks like a fat white oblong package tied with bright-blue ribbon.

The day suits are mostly of the trig, form-fitting, easy type; for evening, the Schiaparelli sort of slender dinner dress and day jacket prevails. A sensational evening print has a pale-yellow ground with varieties of black-and-white bow-knots all over it. A lovely, spongy crêpe dyed the color of pink camellias makes an ensemble which is decorated with navy-blue ribbon in loops on the pockets of the jacket and across the yoke of the dress. The clothes are both distinguished and easy to wear. They are custom-made, from \$165 up.

DAINTY DEPARTMENT: Revlon, always ranking high among the cosmetic people with imagination, has two new presentations of his superb nail polish. One, a box called Roadside Rest, displays polish, cheekstick (a beautiful, soft cream rouge for the cheeks), and lipstick to match (\$2.20); the other is a miniature 1900 dressing table that drips white flounces and contains polish and oily polish remover (\$1). Some of his new shades, by the way, favor deep-brown reds and ripe-cherry tones. . . . Bonwit Teller has Shantung, a brand-new perfume by Couturiers, a brand-new house. Shantung is a rich, feminine scent that has left me puzzled and admiring. There is in it the ghost of some old favorite that I cannot place, yet it is as up-to-date as the fabric from which it gets its name. And lovely. —L. L.

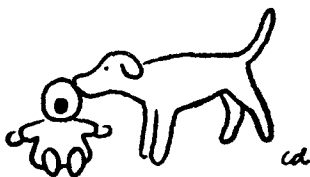
MARKETS AND MENUS *Something of Everything*

IT won't be so long, I bet you anything, before it will definitely date a New Yorker to be able to remember the day when the de-luxe chocolate trade

did not centre around the East Fifties between Fifth Avenue and Madison, just as at present it dates those who can think back to a time when radios weren't cluttering up Cortlandt Street and the needle trades weren't holding forth along Seventh Avenue. The latest arrivals in our chocolate zone—Rosemarie de Paris and Henny Wyle—are both makers of exceedingly fine confections who, though their shops are newcomers to the neighborhood, have been a credit to the craft for some time.

The Rosemarie de Paris establishment, at 697 Fifth Avenue (55th), is perfectly magnificent and in every way worthy of that queen among *chocolatières*. The place is roomy and elegant in the lush tradition of the very best Parisian sweetshops, with lots of handsome gift containers around, such as really good Swedish glass vases ready to be filled with Rosemarie products. Although I am a fervent amateur of fine chocolates, my purchases usually run only to half a pound of this and half a pound of that, please, and I was curious to see how such minor transactions would be regarded in a setting of such grandeur. I am glad to report that the staff seems to recognize me and other small-scale customers as the backbone of the chocolate industry that we are and displays the most civil interest in modest orders. The shop even has quarter-pound *ballotins*—those small cartons once used by all Parisian *confiscurs*—for the client who doesn't dare trust herself with a big box. As for the chocolates themselves, they are the same marvels that the Rosemarie firm has always turned out, and there simply couldn't be higher praise than that. Prices run from \$1.40 for the more usual assortments to \$3.50 a pound for exquisite chocolate oysters and snails filled with an indescribable mousse sort of thing.

The new shop of Henny Wyle, at 557 Madison Avenue (55th), is no bigger than a pocket handkerchief, but the very gayest kind of pocket handkerchief, with lots of color and dazzle. Not that it matters much what the shop is like, since admirers of the Wyle confections would, I am sure, crawl on hands and knees anywhere for her famous paper-thin chocolate squares flavored with peppermint or mocha or ground-up hazelnuts. Next to the squares, my favorites are the superior vanilla car-



1941
* golfer 1941
american golfer 1941
golfer 1941 * american golfer *
1941 * american golfer 1941
* american golfer 1941
golfer 1941 *



Here is the dress designed for an American summer whether you plan to spend it on the fairway, down on the farm, or along the beach. It is the choice of thousands of young American women because of its smart simplicity and its good taste in style, in fabrics, in workmanship and cut. It is made of soft seersuckers, and finest chambrays, in plain colors and many variations in stripes. Classic button-to-waist or button front models illustrated are \$6.95. Sizes 10 to 20. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies

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1 lb. 68c • 2 lbs. 1.30

Barricini CANDIES

18 conveniently located stores

amels, but for that matter every last one of the Wyle candies is excellent. Prices are from eighty cents to \$1.60.

THE opening of Old Denmark, a perfectly delightful Danish *smørrebrød* shop at 135 East 57th Street, is a reminder of how well the Danes can do things if given half a chance. As far as I know, no country has ever evolved a more practical, inviting, and completely honest native food specialty than the *smørrebrød*, or open sandwich, of Denmark, and this little place, which presents it at its most authentic, has that scrubbed, cheerful look of any first-class food shop in the Copenhagen of the old days, with all its shining china dishes of salads, pastes, and sausages ready to be spread on *smørrebrød* then and there or taken along for home consumption. The delicacies, some domestic and some prewar imports, include two varieties of homemade liver paste (both extraordinarily good), Danish sausage, a limited supply of Danish ham as well as hams cured in this country in the Danish manner, genuine Royal Danish cheese, rough, almost black *rugbrød* (a kind of exaggerated pumpernickel), and all sorts of herring combinations. Besides these *smørrebrød* ingredients, you can buy delicate homemade cookies and other small cakes, and a gingerbread loaf which is very popular in Denmark, although in my opinion all European gingerbread is greatly overrated.

THE town, of course, is full of first-rate caterers ready to take on the sort of shindigs calling for gold chairs and lobster mousse, but surprisingly few really competent businesses concern themselves with the needs of families in homes where the cook's day off creates a recurrent bleakness. The White Turkey Town House, at 1 University Place (a branch of the well-known inn near Danbury), has started up a service to meet exactly this situation, and already apartment dwellers in the Washington Square neighborhood are wondering how they ever got along without such practical help. Given twenty-four hours' notice, this restaurant will send to your family table such things as roast turkey (whole or half), chicken pies, onion soup, homemade cakes and ice cream, fruit pies—almost any dishes you may plan for the day's menu. Quite expertly made canapés and sandwiches for parties may be ordered, too.

PANTRY NOTES: An extremely good smoked chicken which has recently come on the market ought to be a great

Summer Sauntering

Polka Dot Crepe Midriff on the Sheer Dress; Polka Dot Cuffs on a pert Bolero. Colors: White, Brown and White Polka Dot; Brown, Brown and White Polka Dot; Navy, Navy and White Polka Dot or Navy and Pink Polka Dot. Sizes: 12-38.



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BETTER GRAVY!

by adding this unexcelled table

HENRI TURIN'S MUSHROOM MUSTARD
and also
TURIN'S tangy Mushroom Chow-Chow

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comfort to people who have a taste for smoked fowl but don't feel like signing up for a ten- or twelve-pound turkey. These chickens are young and tender and weigh only around two pounds—by no means the serious matter that a turkey can be. Sliced thin and served with other hors-d'œuvres, they make an awfully nice first course for a spring luncheon, and for a cold supper they are quite irresistible with beer. Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop, 12 Vanderbilt Avenue (42nd), and the Gristede's at 55 East 59th Street have them on hand and Macy, Bloomingdale, the other Gristede stores, and Oak Valley Farms, 2240 Broadway (80th), will order them for you. . . . The Cresca Company has added a very good, fresh-tasting strawberry jam to its collection of Early American Savories, which it sells through practically all the better food shops. . . . K & H salmon pickled in sour cream with lots of onion, and herring put up in the same way, are to be had at Macy, McCreery, and Altman. Both are fine with plenty of sweet butter on that Danish black bread I was telling you about. . . . Schrafft's puts up precisely the right lunches for busy city householders who at this season must make hurried trips to the country to keep rendezvous with gardeners and plumbers. The food—no nonsense but adequate—is packed in compartments in a substantial pasteboard box that won't come to pieces on top of the grass seed. The particular combination which got me through a day of shrub-planting consisted of roast-beef sandwiches with English mustard on the side, a spot of good potato salad, and an apple. Very satisfactory. —S. H.

YOU WOULD NOT THINK

You would not think
A chickadee
Could stir the branches
Of a tree.

You would not think
A little dog
Could shake a house
With his small jog.

You would not think
The step of man
Could dissipate
A bridge's span,

Or that his spirit
Could soar higher
Than bombers,
Pestilence, and fire.

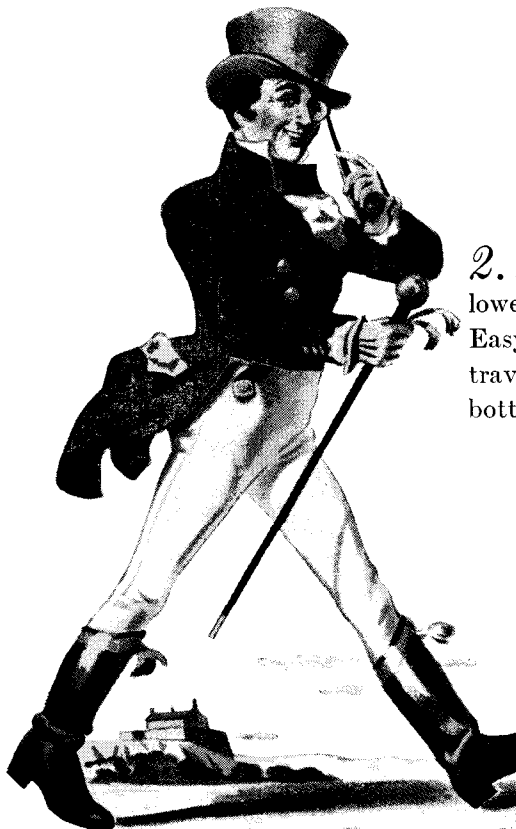
—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

CAN YOU NAME THESE RENOWNED SCOTS?

1. Explorer who roamed "darkest Africa" for 30 years. Found by Stanley's relief party in Ujiji. His mode of travel was usually that of sure-footed Johnnie Walker. (Answer below.)



2. A walker who boasts more followers than the most eloquent talker. Easy to get along with. He always travels on foot . . . or in a tall, square bottle. (Answer below.)



BORN 1820 . . . still going strong

IT'S SENSIBLE TO STICK WITH

JOHNNIE WALKER

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

1. DAVID LIVINGSTONE
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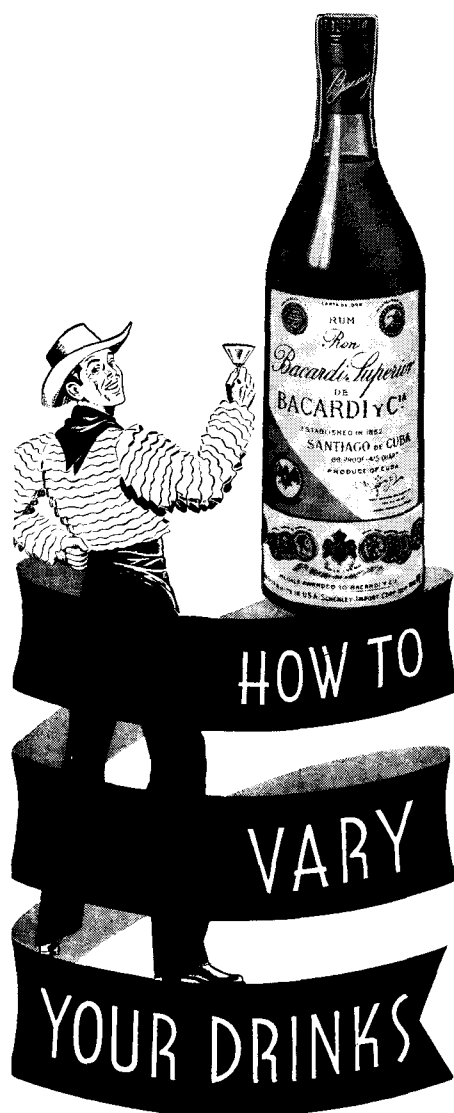


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STICK TO BACARDI—the most congenial and versatile of all the great liquors of the world. You can make nearly all mixed drinks with BACARDI—and give them the added thrill of its smooth, exquisite flavor.

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serve Bacardi Highballs**
(Or Collins, or Cuba Libres, made
with Bacardi Gold or Amber Label)

**THERE'S A DIFFERENCE
WORTH KNOWING...**

BACARDI

Rum 89 Proof—Schenley Import Corp., N.Y. Copr. 1941

ANOTHER DUNKERQUE

ARCHER was working at National, getting a thousand bucks a week, and he hadn't had any spiritual revelations in quite a while. He was saving a little money, was buying the house in Brentwood with the small swimming pool, and the cash in the bank didn't arouse his social consciousness as it usually did. They weren't baiting the nervous producers down at the Screen Writers Guild any more, and he rarely attended meetings now that the heat was off. He hadn't been in the San Joaquin Valley to help agricultural workers run a strike for five months.

It was a happy period in his life. The story at National was about a poor girl who goes on a South American cruise and meets a rich boy in Peru. They have a lot of comical misunderstandings and the rich boy, a spoiled character, is regenerated. It ends with a clinch on the boat deck, with plenty of gags. Archer tried a couple of times to ease in something about the degraded conditions in which the peons lived, but the stuff never seemed to fit. He was dealing with luxury hotels and luxury liners, and the only members of the proletariat who entered into the plot were sailors and waiters. The sailors had a union anyhow, and waiters were impossible to deal with because they looked down on everybody. Besides, patriotic scruples kept Archer from working too hard on the peon angle. This picture was one of those destined to help the good-neighbor policy in South America, and beefing about labor conditions down there was practically treason to President Roosevelt and Henry Agard Wallace.

Things were going well, except that Archer had not settled his position in regard to the war. Eventually he would have to square off with it, as every liberal was doing—people like Robert Sherwood and Dorothy Thompson and Robert Montgomery. At present he was on the fence, a man of good will contemplating a vast and confused struggle between a decaying and reactionary nation headed by a man who wore hats that might have been designed by Hedda Hopper and another nation controlled by a sinister group of international gangsters and headed by a ridiculous character who had been disposed of in a great work of art by Charlie Chaplin called "The Great Dictator." Archer did not want his emotions to be touched. He felt Bundles for Britain was no solution of a world revolution, and he wanted to be objective.

This particular morning, Archer had

a shower and then the houseboy served him breakfast in the patio. Jean, his wife, and Mildred, his daughter, were already out by the small pool. The sun was shining brightly, but the water in the pool was colder than hell. The pool was fun to sit around, though.

Mildred was going to a special school for advanced children, and the houseboy got the station wagon out to take her down. Jean and Mildred came into the patio. Archer kissed the kid good-bye and, as usual, told the houseboy to drive carefully. Jean sat down to have a cup of coffee with him. They waved to Mildred as the station wagon left the driveway.

"I think that guy starts driving fast the minute he's past the corner," Jean said.

For some reason, Archer didn't enter into the customary morning discussion of the houseboy's driving. He had been reading the *Examiner*, and there were faint stirrings of that old feeling. The Nazis had taken Salonika and Piraeus had been bombed. They were driving down the Vardar Valley. A terrible battle was going on at a place called Florina. The Nazis said Belgrade had fallen. The Allies were retreating. The Yugoslavian Army no longer existed.

"I wonder how many men the British have in Greece," Archer said.

"I don't know," Jean said. She shivered in her brief sun suit. "This is the only place in the world where they have cold sunlight. I think I put my mink coat in storage too soon."

DRIVING out to the studio, Archer turned on the radio in his car. A man who was trying to sell porch furniture said Belgrade had not fallen and that the Serbians were counterattacking. London announced the Allies were not retreating. The British had yet to come in contact with the enemy. But Salonika was gone.

Archer's secretary, a grave and intelligent girl, had a radio on her desk, a little portable he had given her for Christmas. She had a commentator on when Archer entered the office. He paused to listen. The commentator said it looked bad for Great Britain. A Nazi armored column was driving toward Egypt and the Suez Canal. The Germans said Belgrade had fallen. There was a terrible battle raging at Florina.

Archer and his secretary shook their heads at each other and he went on into his bare, white cubicle. He was at the part in the script where the heroine is surprised by the hero while she is in the arms of the boat band-leader. Of

course it is all a mistake, but a nasty shock to the hero. It is a milestone on the way to regenerating him. Naturally, the scene had to be funny.

The sound of the small radio came faintly through the walls to Archer as he sat at his typewriter. He thought of the heroic little Greek nation. He had a stake in it because he had contributed heavily to the Greek Relief.

The scene wouldn't go and Archer got up and went outside. The portable was talking animatedly. Winston Churchill had delivered another speech. England was in her darkest hour. The Battle of the Atlantic was rising to a crescendo. The announcer went on to mention a sandwich-spread that could be fried for breakfast, served cold for lunch, and mixed in salad at night.

Archer returned to his cubicle and glumly sat down. Jean telephoned and said the hot-water heater had gone on the fritz. All the plumbers they'd had so far had cheated them and she didn't know what to do. Archer found himself replying abstractedly.

At noon there was another news broadcast. Belgrade had fallen. They were fighting at Florina. The Serbs had retreated, exposing the left wing of the Greek Army. The Allies were dropping back to prepared defence positions. The Nazis were attacking Tobruk.

Archer went to lunch at the Beverly Derby with a couple of other guys. From them he heard that M-G-M had sneaked a preview in Inglewood the night before; a famous lady of the screen, in her cups, had been observed running naked up and down the halls of a hotel; and there was always Orson Welles to discuss. Archer sat aloof, thinking of the Greeks.

On the way back to the studio he bought a newspaper. The German armored column was at the Egyptian border. The Metaxas Line had been pierced. A great battle was going on at Florina.

Archer couldn't work in the afternoon. He spent part of the time reading a book called "Out of the Night." Finally he walked around the corner to a bar and had a double Scotch. He hadn't drunk in the afternoon for over a year, and the stuff made him giddy. The portable was still going when he returned. The Nazis had isolated three hundred thousand Greek soldiers and captured them. The Scotch and such news stunned Archer. He listened dully while the announcer spoke highly of a plumbing firm.

Staring at his typewriter didn't do any good. The Greeks probably couldn't

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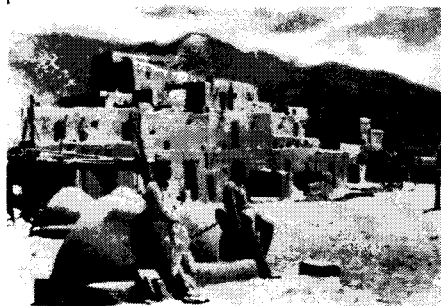
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put more than six hundred thousand men in the field. That meant half their army was gone. It was all over. He called Jean and told her the name of the plumbing firm the man had mentioned on the radio.

At five his producer phoned him to come downstairs. He could not elude the radio on his way out. Informed circles in London were taking a grave view of the Balkan campaign. The English might have another Dunkerque.

Archer walked downstairs with a blackness gathering in his mind and promptly got in a fight with his producer. That silly man wanted to talk about a story when a great battle was raging at Florina. The fate of the world hung in the balance as it had at Salamis and Trafalgar and this fat guy discussed a comic character he had thought of, a private detective, an Edgar Kennedy type the boy had hired to watch the girl. Archer and his producer parted hollering at each other.

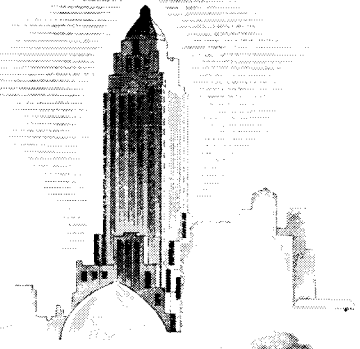
At home there was houseboy trouble and the hot-water heater was all apart in the basement. A man who had come to repair the surface of the badminton court said the swimming pool was leaking. Jean wanted advice on their forthcoming cocktail party.

"Jesus!" Archer said. "Who cares who comes?"

He scarcely heard the words of the argument that remark provoked. His brain was filled with visions of the drawings he had seen in *Life*—the Stukas sweeping down, the flame-throwing tanks, the shattering fire of the artillery. He wondered if the Vardar Valley was anything like Coldwater Canyon.

At supper, Mildred, who was being taught things about bugs at the advanced school, babbled about an insect apparently named cryspelas concubinage. Archer bawled her out and Jean took her up to bed in tears. That ended any friendship with his wife. He listened to the eleven-o'clock news and two commentators and went to bed in the spare room. Half the Greek Army was gone. There was going to be another Dunkerque. And they were fighting at Florina.

IN the morning, Archer had breakfast alone. Jean took Mildred to school in the station wagon and they didn't wave goodbye to him. The houseboy turned in his notice and said he was going to be drafted. The paper reported a gigantic pincer movement in Albania, chaos in Belgrade, and the Hungarian Army grabbing what it could. The French fleet, under Darlan, might move against the British any time. But Wavell



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was reported to be back in North Africa.

Archer listened to the car radio as he drove to the studio. Nazi parachute troops were coming down behind the Greek lines. A British cruiser had been torpedoed. Tobruk had repulsed a tank attack. He felt cold and sweaty at the same time, as people do when the end of the world is at hand.

He closed his ears to the portable as he entered his office. Getting to his desk was an empty mockery. He put his hands on the typewriter keyboard like a man in a dream.

Suddenly his secretary burst in. It wasn't three hundred thousand men, she told him; it was eighty thousand. And they weren't captured. They were still fighting. The main Greek army was trying to establish contact with them.

"My God!" Archer said. "No!"

He bolted out to listen. Only eighty thousand, the announcer said, fighting like wildcats. The Yugoslavs were waging guerrilla warfare from the mountains and counterattacking in some sectors. London said there would be no Dunkerque in Greece. And there was a great battle raging at Florina.

Archer went back and called Jean to tell her the good news. She told him to go to hell. She had no objection to going back to Cleveland with Mildred. She'd never liked California anyhow.

Archer hung up, the darkness dissolving in his mind. He wrote an apologetic note to his producer and then telephoned the florist to send Jean two dozen long-stemmed roses. When all this was done, he turned to his typewriter again. He was at the part where the heroine is surprised by the hero while she is in the arms of the boat band-leader.

Naturally, the scene had to be funny.

—ROBERT CARSON

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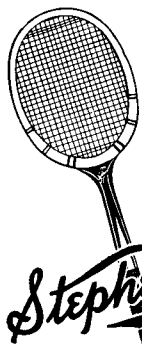
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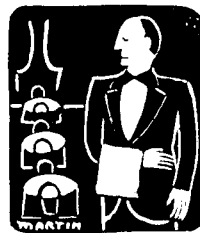
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TABLES FOR TWO

Strips and Stripes



IN that annual last-ditch drive to stave off the impending competition of roofs, gardens, and roof gardens, most of the closed-air night clubs have lined up all the talent they can muster, or afford. One of them, Felix Ferry's Monte Carlo, has met the issue by bringing in as novel a little show as ever hit the north side of East Fifty-fourth Street: a medley of John Buckmaster and three eminent alumnae of burlesque. You might think that a strip tease at the Monte Carlo would be as incongruous a sight as, say, that of Mr. Ferry himself hooting merrily from an aisle seat at the Gaiety. Well, it is, but it's also a highly entertaining one. Some of the spectators at Mr. Ferry's elegant girly house seemed to be uncertain, during my visit, about how they should respond to so unusual a spectacle. Instead of greeting the young ladies with encouraging cries, they either remained silent or exchanged wondering murmurs of "Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?" Unlike most of the West Side strippers, the Monte Carlo's demurely refrain from vocalizing, leaving such chores to Mr. Buckmaster, who performs them admirably. While discoursing soberly on the talents of his handsome associates, he is careful to respect the old burlesque tradition of only rarely relying upon the single entendre. Aside from the occasionally low level of the humor, and the exhibition of living art, you won't find that the Monte Carlo has adopted many other features of modern burlesque. Members of the audience are still required to wear coats.

The Rainbow Room's spring jubilee features a few decorative changes and Matty Malneck's orchestra, which is not notably decorative but fine for a change. To dwell briefly on the inanimate, the room is now sporting a set of red and white stripes at its east end—an innovation presumably designed to cheer up the unfortunates who sit in the alcove there, far from the gladdening dance floor. Maybe this revision and a few others will turn out for the best, but I suspect that people who never saw the place in its formal winter getup will be less likely now to gasp when they enter it. For all I know, however, they'll go right on

telling their friends back home that it looks just like the spot Alice Faye sang in, near the end of the picture, when Don Ameche booked her into the show-place of her dreams. The Malneck orchestra, undoubtedly the first group of musicians to enter the Rainbow Room with such a seemingly preposterous assortment of instruments as a harp, an accordion, and a xylophone, hauls out some old-time music and puts it into fascinating swing tempo. Among other numbers, the band plays what is announced as the quietest arrangement ever made of "The Song of India," a distinction any arranger should be proud to have achieved. The rest of the entertainment—and it seemed to me there was almost an excess of it—includes the Chandra Kaly dancers, dancing; Mili Monti, the singer, singing; and the band-leading Velero Sisters, being sisterly.

The most novel thing about the Persian Room's latest show is that the Plaza has begun to weaken on its policy of having some of its performers appear only at dinner and some only at supper. People who had never quite figured out when one meal stopped and the other started were apt to turn up at the wrong time and find that their favorite entertainers had either already left for the night or wouldn't be around for a couple of hours. Well, it's mostly fixed now. The De Marcos and Josephine Houston are on view at dinner and supper. Step in line, folks, and buy your tickets; continuous performance. Paul Haakon is still limiting himself to the early shift, and your reaction to his efforts will largely depend, I think, on whether you believe a night club is the best possible setting for an exhibition of ballet technique. The De Marcos are, of course, what Keats had in mind when he defined a thing of beauty, and it's too bad they don't appear at lunch, too.

ALTHOUGH the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria is due to close up shop any day now for the summer, there's still time to run over and see Rosario and Antonio, the two young dancers from Seville who created something of a stir when they were at the same place last winter. I'm told they've since been to Hollywood; if so, their adventures in the West don't seem to have deprived them of the spirit that marked their previous performances. It probably doesn't hurt them any to be accompanied by Xavier Cugat's orchestra, since Mr. Cugat is unquestionably an expert in the field of Latin-American rhythms. I'd have been happier the other night if so many of the members



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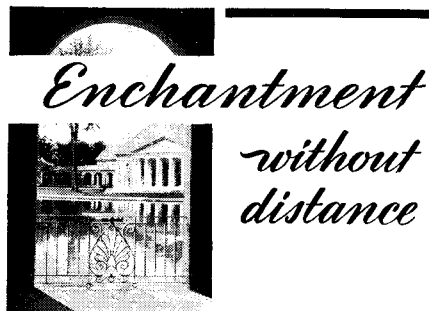
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AT LEADING SHOPS

of his band hadn't put on specialty acts to fill out the show; they do far better collectively than on their own.

A CHARACTERISTIC of any spring is the budding of a number of places, some of them looking as if they'd been thrown together hurriedly to nab the hibernating crowd on its way out. Most of the crop this season, as in the past, are just the result of doing face-lifting jobs on ill-fated predecessors. Jimmy Ryan's, for instance, at 53 West Fifty-second Street, should seem vaguely familiar to anyone who ever visited the Troc. It is pretty much like any other Fifty-second Street spot—long and narrow, with the band way down at the far end of the room, barely visible on crowded nights from the bar. Right now Zutty Singleton's quartet is the band you can't see very well at Jimmy Ryan's, but it is worth listening to anyway. I have heard it praised even by the waiters in the place, and theirs is a trade of notoriously uncharitable practitioners.

The Cloop, just west of Ryan's, is simply that old side room of Tony's, tricked out this time with red and white stripes—perhaps more of them than a sensitive pair of eyes can stand. Cy Walter and Margot Hopkins, a couple of piano players who have been seen in a lot of other people's places, are running this one, as well as providing all the entertainment themselves on a pair of grand pianos crammed onto a tiny stage.

Possibly the most ambitious of the newcomers is the Forbidden City, at 40 East Fifty-eighth. Formerly the Queen Mary, with eighty-eight varieties of *smörgåsbord*, it now has eighty-eight varieties of Chinese dishes and a seven-piece Chinese band, whose drummer cools himself off between numbers with a fan in what I suppose is the proper manner back home in the old Forbidden City. There's a show, too, with an Oriental cast which includes a master of ceremonies of the dynamo-type personality, a magician, the inevitable singer, and a couple of cooch dancers, both of whom will undoubtedly turn up next week at El Morocco. —CHECK

But Mr. Pasternak had better be more careful in the future. The little Durbin girl, after all, practically amounts to Universal's meal little Durbin girl, after all, practicing average, this is no time to become careless.—Cleveland Press.

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THE ART GALLERIES

Spring and the Sculptors



THERE are a number of shows of about equal importance this week—Dali at the Julien Levy, a Jerome Myers memorial at the Whitney, and

so on—but considering the season and the general state of things, the one you're likely to enjoy most, I think, is the Sculptors Guild outdoor exhibition, which this year is established in the Village, in a vacant lot at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth Street. (I don't see why someone like Commissioner Moses doesn't move in right after the Guild and make its improvements permanent; what it has done with that derelict spot, in the way of installing grassplots and gravel walks and greenery, is remarkable.)

As for the show, it's a fairly big one, with something over a hundred items, and though the collection as a whole is curiously unexciting, the proportion of individually excellent pieces is high. Indeed, with so much really good work on view, I found it rather hard to decide why the general effect wasn't livelier than it seemed to be. Perhaps it is because there is a certain similarity of pattern, both in style and in subject matter, throughout the exhibit. Portrait heads of one sort or another abound, for instance, and while these may be fun for the sculptor—who will tell you, of course, that the movement of planes in the human face is more subtle and consistently interesting than any other part of the body—they're likely to be almost overpowering for the spectator when too many of them are grouped together.

There is a broad strain of archaism running through the show too, and though some of the work in this style is astoundingly good—Nat Werner's small, blocky "Worker's Song" and Ward Montague's "Prophet" are among the best things in the exhibition—in others the style seems carried nearly to the point of caricature, and the fact that so many of the artists represented still cling to this now somewhat overworked manner is itself a trifle discouraging. An even worse disappointment, and a sign of a disturbing influence, is a tendency a lot of the artists betray to abandon the demands of compactness and structural solidity that

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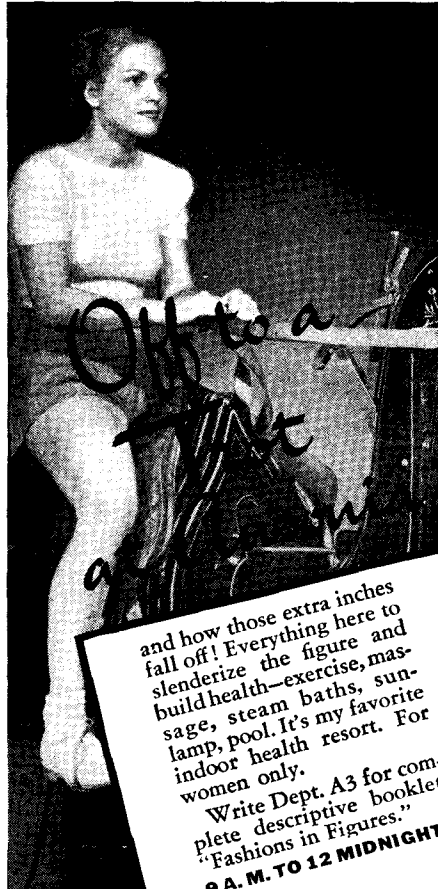
sculpture normally imposes and push on instead—rather wildly, it seems to me—toward patterns that come dangerously close to being merely pictures in three dimensions, without of course having painting's color and textural density. Here, too, however, there are good things mixed in with the bad. Though Chaim Gross, for example, in his "Runners—1938," goes astray as he follows this bent, Robert Cronbach, with his "Committee Meeting," just as loose in its structure but immensely more integrated in feeling, succeeds admirably.

So much for the show's weaker side, which I fear I have been stressing unduly. If the affair is not wholly satisfying, it still has value as a fairly accurate cross section of what the younger sculptors are doing at the moment, and certainly it contains its share of excellent pieces. Among these are Minna Harkavy's fine "Negro Head," Herbert Ferber's "To Fight Again," and Vincent Glinsky's rather "sweet" but appealingly modelled "Melody." I also liked Paul Anyon's "Standing Woman," and Hugo Robus's two bronzes, "To Each According to His Needs" and "Invocation," which are particularly fine examples of his genius for effective simplification.

Best of all, the show has been put out of doors in the sunlight; that alone is almost enough to make any sculpture exhibition worth seeing.

THE accepted critical procedure in dealing with Salvador Dali, it appears, is either to write long articles solemnly discussing his theories about the "morphological era," "hypnagogic vision," and so on, or else to write shorter, angrier ones denouncing him because of the same theories. I think both methods are wrong. All artists love to use long words and are given to developing high-sounding "scientific" theories to explain their art; to decry Dali's painting because of what he says about it is to my mind as foolish as it would be to dismiss the whole Impressionist school because that prismatic idea of theirs about sunlight has been proved to be slightly cockeyed—or even more foolish, since I'm convinced most of Dali's theorizing is just done as a gag anyway, and the angrier we get the merrier he gets.

To me, the chief charm of Dali's painting, apart from its real importance in the history of fantastic art, is that he so clearly has fun himself in doing it. He obviously delights in his technical virtuosity. He plainly is pleased with his endless capacity for fantastic invention. I think, if one considers that in looking



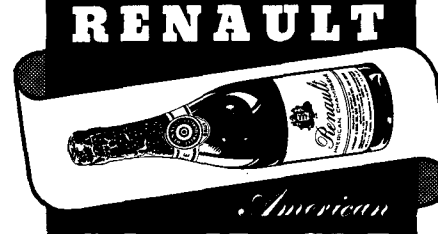
Off to a start

and how those extra inches fall off! Everything here to slenderize the figure and build health—exercise, massage, steam baths, sun-lamp, pool. It's my favorite indoor health resort. For women only.

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at his current collection, one can get a good deal of fun out of it too. There is a canvas, called "Philosophy Illuminated by the Light of the Moon and the Setting Sun," which demonstrates not only that he can out-Murillo Murillo but also that he can project the effect of a sunset on a man's fingernail. There are a couple of others that feature the portrait of Voltaire done in double image, and still another, called "Soft Self-Portrait with Grilled Bacon," in which the approach is for once explicitly humorous.

THE Jerome Myers exhibition at the Whitney, though not a big one, is remarkably comprehensive. Only twenty-nine paintings are shown, in addition to some sixty water colors, pastels, drawings, and prints, but these take us through all phases of his career, from his early dark style to the more strongly outlined, rather harsh-textured painting he was doing just before his death. In the aggregate, they reveal a man whose strength lay as much in his singleness of purpose as in his sincerity. The East Side was his province and he explored it tirelessly, and if his work never shows the depth of perception a man like John Sloan, say, could bring to similar subjects, there are still a certain gentleness and unassuming honesty about it that command respect. On the whole, I liked best his earlier paintings—"The Tambourine" of 1905, for instance, and the "Madison Square Concert" of two years later. But there's a "City Playground," done in 1937, that is interesting too, and the black-and-whites show an ease of line that is quite charming.

IF you're interested in prints, don't fail to see the exhibition of Jacques Callot etchings on now at the Grolier Club, for it has been rare indeed in New York that we have had so comprehensive a showing of this seventeenth-century master's work. Not only the smaller, semi-fantastic prints such as the "Gueux," the "Gobbi," the "Bohémien," and so on, are shown; there are also a number of his large subjects, like the "Siege of Breda" and the "Siege of the Ile de Ré," which in their controlled skill and sweeping composition are enough to take your breath away.

—ROBERT M. COATES

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[From P.M.]

Hitler's attack on Yugoslavia pushed Leonard Engel's fifth story on New Haven out of today's paper.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Shockers for Spring



A NEAT mystery thriller for the spring season has turned up, which ought to be a comfort for the sagacious types who go in for that sort of thing. "The Girl in the News" is another Carol Reed product. Carol Reed, as the faithful know well, directed "Night Train," which has been a great blessing during the past hard winter. "The Girl in the News" is not up to its predecessor, being just a simple murder-mystery affair without all the lurid hop-skipplings about the Continent that added special zest to the first film. The Reed liking for detail and the careful characterization of incidental types are perceptible throughout, though, and even if the story is on the slight side, it is not disappointing. Somehow, the Gaumont-British studios evidently keep spinning over there in London.

Margaret Lockwood, the handsome and somewhat tranquil lady of these British thrillers—of "The Lady Vanishes" as well as of "Night Train"—is to be found here as a trained nurse doomed to catastrophic complications in the course of her professional career. The time is England's early blackout days, when householders first measured their windows for black draperies but otherwise went about the business of nervous breakdowns, insomnia, and the like as usual. An accident, an overdose taken by a lady patient—an elderly, mean-minded one, messy with marabou—lands the honest girl in jail. She is soon acquitted, however, and must look for a new job. The moment we find that Emyln Williams is the butler of the establishment in which she ends up, we know she is in for more trouble. The eventual murder, the ensuing Scotland Yard gumshoeing, and the final trial scene are not extraordinary or full of really great surprises, but they do well enough and keep our wits distracted.

OUR American thriller of the week is no lollipop, either. In "The Wagons Roll at Night," Humphrey Bogart appears as the owner of a distinctly not streamlined circus, and never has Mr. Bogart let himself be quite so ruthless and so vicious as in this particular rôle. Curiously enough, his single weakness is for his little sister. This boss

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of roustabouts, tougher than any of them, loves only this child in her teens, just out of a convent. One thing the brother is set on, and that is that the girl shall never even meet a trouper. Any crystal-gazer would know at once that she was sure to marry a lion-tamer. That is just what happens here, too. He is an exceptional lion-tamer, to be sure, good as gold, pure and honest as the day, a healthy country boy who happens to be serving customers in a general store when a lion rambles in. The lion has broken loose, of course, from the circus, and the boy's self-possession proves to experts that he has a way with animals, the true talent of the lion-tamer. Lions actually take the honors from the bipeds in the film, and certainly the climax, when a lion has tasted blood and gone berserk, is a whopper. It is a scene to dream about, but not if you live alone. The bipeds have their innings, however. It is a pleasure to see Sylvia Sidney again, though her part is rather thankless, since she is merely a circus performer, vaguely the owner's girl, and is never thrown to the lions. Eddie Albert is the lion-tamer who survives the big carnivores to wed the little sister.

FOR innocents who want only to laugh, Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling" offers some hope. The thing is somewhat febrile comedy about a rich insurance man whose wife takes a fancy for a pianist. Obviously, this setup doesn't promise any great convulsions, and its development is pretty much what one expects. Merle Oberon, an actress who has always seemed to me indifferent to comedy, saunters through the rôle of the wife, and I suppose that Melvyn Douglas captures the essential charm of an insurance salesman. Burgess Meredith, whose movie career has followed an eerie path, parodies our conventional notion of a genius and is always ludicrously temperamental. No hearts are broken in the story and, it being polite comedy, no china.

"That Uncertain Feeling" is more comforting, though, than another comic effort called "The Great American Broadcast." Alice Faye carries many a burden in this picture and is better in the lighter moments than in spasms of heart-break. A Faye Ophelia might be a mistake.

—JOHN MOSHER

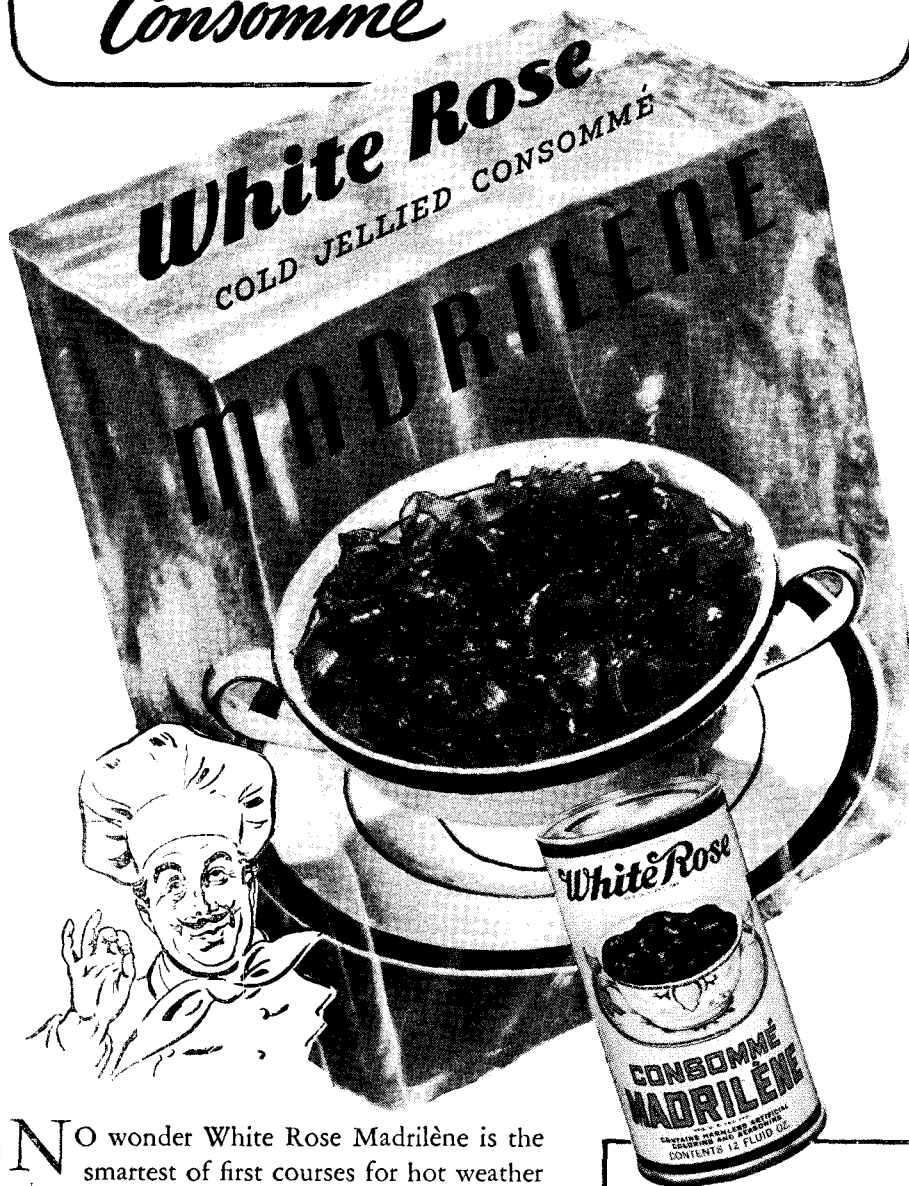
Set the cuttings upright, or, better still, place them horizontally.—*From the Garden Notebook, in the Herald Tribune.*

You wouldn't want to settle for a forty-five-degree angle, would you?

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Perfection Salad

Cooling as a summer shower. *Recipe:* Chill can of White Rose Madrilène until thickened. Add ¼ cup cucumber (grated and pressed dry of all juice) and ¼ cup very thinly sliced red radishes. Chill until quite thick, then pile high in sherbet glasses, to serve. Or, chill in mold until set. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

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BOOKS

Yaws-and-Hookworm Man—Impersonal History—Men and Women

OVER a million Papuans, Fijians, Samoans, Solomon Islanders, and New Hebrideans suffering from yaws, dysentery, hookworm, leprosy, and other afflictions to be found in the paradise of the South Seas have received medical treatment, directly or indirectly, from Dr. Sylvester M. Lambert. They have received treatment, but they have never received a bill. Collections would have been bad even if they had received one, for Dr. Lambert's practice included single-minded cannibals, Stone Age primitives, and competitive voodooist medicine men—all slow pay, probably.

In 1920, Dr. Victor ("Odysseus") Heiser, then running the Eastern division of the Rockefeller Foundation, dispatched Dr. Lambert to Papua as if, in his own words, Papua were across the street. It is really the southeast portion of New Guinea. No man for a permanent shingle, Dr. Lambert spent the next twenty-one years voyaging among the infinity of islands of the South Pacific. He accumulated a number of extraordinary experiences, many coffee-colored friends, and everything the tropics had to offer in the way of illness except yaws, the venereal diseases, and leprosy. The good Doctor says, almost ruefully, that he's not certain about leprosy, though, because "it's so slow to develop you can't be sure you haven't got it until you've died of something else."

He has, as you might expect, come back with a nice, fat book that he calls "A Yankee Doctor in Paradise." It's in the vein of Heiser's "An American Doctor's Odyssey," rather slower and less dramatic, but satisfactory reading if the doctor books haven't downed you forever. The best parts are medical, even technical. Dr. Lambert's anthropological and ethnological speculations are no better than would be those of any other intelligent layman, but on his own beat he is solid. (I suppose it is as hard to find a medical man whose shoptalk is dull as it is to find a lawyer whose shoptalk is interesting.) As an example of the Doctor at his best, I give you his account of how he and his assistants delivered the South Seas from the dreaded hookworm, so successfully that by 1938 the nasty little thing wasn't even mentioned in the reports of the Foundation. I spare you the details of the treatment ("no

job for a florist," says the Doctor, with evident satisfaction), but I must mention that they cleaned up hookworm by administering small doses of cleaning fluid, or carbon tetrachloride. The story is one of those modern miracles of medicine that are so oddly compounded of the pathetic, the grotesque, and the heartwarming.

I think many of us living here amid all the refinements of civilization, spang in the very centre of the Bomb Age, often wonder why the Foundation bothers to spend millions in improving the health and reducing the mortality of a lot of primitives who haven't even enough ingenuity to learn how to annihilate each other by up-to-date methods. Well, for one thing, these diseases are not native to the South Seas but are our gift to them. As Dr. Lambert delicately puts it, "Epidemics are the fruits of island hospitality." Since we have given them hookworm, it's only fair that we should now rid them of it. There is another reason, too, for the work of the Heisers and the Lamberts: these afflictions have no race preference and at any moment may bounce right back and reinfect us, so the law of self-preservation demands that we stamp them out. Finally, you get an odd im-

pression from Dr. Lambert that his islands may escape the holocaust raging over the rest of the world. Perhaps in the Tonga archipelago or one of those other weird places the Doctor is so fond of there will grow up someday a fresh civilization to replace the one we are now systematically destroying. In that case the new Eden may as well be free of yaws.

Among other things, "A Yankee Doctor" is unusual in that it offers the first clear explanation of pidgin English I have ever encountered in a book. It seems this lingua franca has its own syntax and grammar, its own tropes of style, its own special genius. In order to teach the natives to cooperate in the hookworm campaign, Dr. Lambert had to learn to speak pidgin. He did. He did better than that; he worked out a medical-hygiene lecture in pidgin which he delivered to hundreds of thousands of appreciative natives. He includes the lecture verbatim in his book, and it makes uproarious reading.

WE know now that 1939 was implicit in 1919. We know also that the interval between the two dates was a period of war, war carried on by concealed, non-military methods. We know



"I don't think it will upset you. It's just an old-fashioned strychnine murder."

this, we say, but only a close study of the period can make us visualize the fact in concrete detail. The value of Louis Fischer's autobiography, "Men and Politics," lies in his ability to perform the visualization for us. He is particularly rich in his memories of Leninist Russia, which he covered for many years as foreign correspondent for the *Nation* and other periodicals, but he also speaks with authority on Central Europe and especially on the Spanish Civil War, in which he served for a time as a member of the International Brigade.

His book is straight reporting and political analysis. It is without passion, almost without personality, as if Mr. Fischer had consciously stricken himself from his own pages. He tells us nothing of his childhood and early life—a refreshing variation from other recent autobiographies. He knows that all that interests us is his work as a shrewd, observant journalist over the last twenty years, and that is all he cares to put in his book. Highly recommended.

THAT American middle-class women are discontented and that they don't enjoy their husbands much and vice versa has often been pointed out. Pearl Buck points it out again in a brief, thoughtful book, "Of Men and Women," and, as one who has lived much of her life in close contact with an entirely different system of family life, tries to figure out the reasons and the what-to-do-about-its. She is convinced the root of the trouble lies in the fact that American women are given paper equality but not the real thing, that they quite literally have no work to do. She also makes the important point that where this sullen, vacant, restless discontent exists is fertile ground for the nostrums of the dictator, who at least offers women the definiteness and permanent security of slavery. She talks as if the differences between men and women were inconsequential and also as if the little matter of sex were not half so important as a lot of other folks would seem to believe. Her notions are nonetheless stimulating and courageous, and it wouldn't do us any harm to ponder them while we still have time to do any pondering. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A FEW years ago, when a book called "All This, and Heaven Too," by Rachel Field, was published, there was a threatening sound of off-stage noises made by a select group of extras, numbering perhaps about two thousand. Their complaint was that the

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THE GORY GAZETTE

being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart Department of SIMON AND SCHUSTER 1230 Sixth Avenue, N.Y.C.

The editors of *The Gory Gazette* and Inner Sanctum Mysteries went into a huddle about *The Trial of Vincent Doon* by Will Oursler. The editor of I.S.M. said, "Forget about *The Gory Gazette's* Policy. This is one time you have to lay it on the line. *The Trial of Vincent Doon* is completely different. It is the most exciting, the most baffling. Besides, the manner of presentation makes it a standout. Why don't you just say so?"

The editor of *The Gory Gazette* shook his head. "We are a newspaper. We report. We don't write advertising blurbs. Get us some facts and we'll report 'em."

And so The Dagger-thru-the-Heart Department got the facts. *The Gory Gazette* herewith prints them.

The Trial of Vincent Doon by Will Oursler is exactly what its title implies: the accurate record of a trial, including charts and photographs entered as People's Exhibits, and sketches of the witnesses who helped to try Vincent Doon before a jury of his peers.

The advance sale for it was the biggest in Inner Sanctum Mystery history; printings were 8,000 before publication. It was selected as Macy's Guilt-Edge Mystery for May.

350 Special Jurors read advance copies. Here are a few typical verdicts:

1. A CRITIC—"Let me congratulate you on the publication of one of the best murder stories I have read in some years. It is tremendously exciting from the first page to the last and written in a very original way."
—William Lyon Phelps
2. A LAWYER—"Will Oursler is guilty of writing such a fascinatingly interesting story that important work had to wait until I finished reading it. It is rare that a story of a trial in court is satisfying to a practicing lawyer. This is."
—Arthur Garfield Hays
3. A COMMENTATOR—"You've really got something here! Very well done and enjoyably mystifying."
—Linton Wells
4. A WRITER—"I consider this one of the best mystery tales I have ever read."
—Anthony Abbott



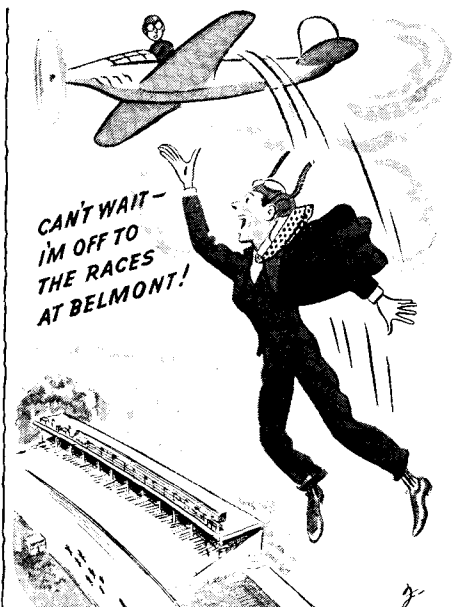
THE TRIAL OF VINCENT DOON
by Will Oursler (\$2)

In fact the book is as actionable as all hell. And the action to take is a quick dash to your book store to get a copy of

story of the Duc de Praslin who murdered his wife had been done before, and done superbly, by an English writer who signed himself Joseph Shearing. The book, published in this country in 1932 and titled "Lucile Cléry: a Woman of Intrigue," had already made its debut in England under the title "Forget-Me-Not." The comparatively few people who read it were incoherent in their praise of it, but it did not sell. Other Shearing books followed: "The Spider in the Cup" (in England called "Album Leaf"), a story based on an early-nineteenth-century crime; "Moss Rose," a dainty title for a novel based on the Jack the Ripper murders; "The Angel of the Assassination," the tragedy of Charlotte Corday; "The Lady and the Arsenic," a scholarly and grimly told tale of the life and death of Marie Cappelle, Madame LaFarge; "The Golden Violet," a charming story of a lady novelist of the nineteenth century who discovers that guns really go off when one presses that little trigger.

For some reason the last two books were not published in the United States, and the small group of Shearing addicts had to wait until 1939, when his "Blanche Fury," a novel of romance and murder, beautifully written and with a conclusion that is masterly, was published. "Aunt Beardie," one of the weakest of the Shearing books, came next, and now "The Crime of Laura Sarelle" appears.

This book follows the Shearing pattern, a pattern worth following, and is based upon an actual eighteenth-century crime. Laura Sarelle and her brother, Sir Theodosius, inherit Leppard Hall, a gloomy old manor house, near which flows the river Avon. In the dining room of Leppard Hall hang two portraits, of a man and a woman. The woman, painted in a gown of primrose silk, holding in her hands a laurel spray, was another Laura Sarelle, who died in 1784; the man, whose name is unknown, died on the gallows. There was, young Laura Sarelle learns, some stupid story about them—a mistake with a sleeping draught, an inquest. The mists that envelop the Avon close down on young Laura Sarelle and she is haunted by the sixty-year-old mystery. The evil



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SOMBREROS ARE BECOMING

BY **NANCY JOHNSTONE**

Author of *Hotel in Spain* and *Hotel in Flight*

Nancy Johnstone, the scourge of the gendarmes and headwaiters, is on the loose. From the time Nancy and Archie (He is the one laboring below) set up housekeeping on the wrong side of the burro tracks in Cuernavaca city our Good Neighbors know no peace. The high spots in their running battle with the Mexican Way are vividly illustrated by Nancy herself. \$2.50



of the past lives on in Leppard Hall and in the mind of Laura Sarelle. She discovers a closet off one of the finest rooms in the Hall. It has been arranged as a distillery, and Laura learns how to distill perfumes and essences of roses and carnations; she also learns to distill an essence from the leaves that grow on a graceful shrub known as the Poet's Laurel.

There is mounting horror in this book of the romance of Laura Sarelle and Lucius Delaunay, a young man of a noble house and no money. There is tragedy in the lives of Harry Mostyn, Laura's fiancé; of Sir Theo, her brother, who is absorbed in his translations from the "Encheiridion Epictete" of Arrian; and of Mrs. Sylk, Laura's slavish and distracted companion. There are many adjectives to describe this book, adjectives that apply to all of Mr. Shearing's books: evil, sinister, ghostly, strange, baleful, terrible, relentless, sinister, and malevolent. But these words seem pallid. Such experts in murder as Edmund Pearson and the former Scotch barrister William Roughead have declared openly that the Shearing novels are the best of their kind published today.

Mr. Shearing speaks of one of his novels as a biography in the form of a novelette, "such a tale as our grandparents might have read in the pages of the *Family Herald*." He adds, "When all of this vast amount of material is selected, sifted, arranged so as to form a coherent story, it shapes itself, fact as it is, into a *feuilleton* of the most lurid and tawdry description. . . . You may not believe in these people, but you are forced to admit that once they existed; you may refuse to credit these events, but you must acknowledge that they once took place."

He seems fascinated by the nineteenth-century heroine, "a noble and innocent victim." He knows that she is a pathological liar, a dweller in fantasy, and that she has enormous erotic sensibility. He writes that the romantic ideal of that period was a lazy life, full of costly luxuries, deliciously agitated by love affairs, voluptuously refined, relieved by the violent drama of evil, jealousy, quarrels, death, murder, adorned with poetry, music, and all that was soothing to the senses. At times the reader of his books is almost disconcerted by the pleasant chitchat of the dialogue, the bell ropes of lilac silk, the dresses of dark-and-light-blue striped taffeta, the little velvet jackets of prune color with fringes of the same hue, the hats, with their ribbons floating at the back, poised sideways on smooth brows. Yet

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mystery Hits

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BY **H. R. STEEVES**

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➔ "The best mystery story I have read this year."—*San Francisco Call Bulletin*

➔ "The wow among spring mysteries . . . It's required reading."—*Will Cuppy*

The Man with No Face

BY **MARGARET ARMSTRONG**

author of two Book-of-the-Month Club selections

➔ "Top drawer . . . sets the hair on end . . . best thriller bet of young year."—*Saturday Review*

➔ "Fiendishly conceived and cleverly executed . . . Yow!"—*Jack Ketch, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Speak No Evil

BY **MIGNON EBERHART**

➔ "A thriller that thrills . . . not a moment's relaxation."—*Chicago News*

➔ "Hearty applause . . . One of the best of the author's tales."—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

Mourned on Sunday

BY **HELEN REILLY**

➔ "It's a grade A offering . . . Inspector McKee's performance is surefire and full of brilliant strokes."—*Will Cuppy*

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underneath the surface of this pool of prettiness lie the weeds rooted deep in the soft mud, while myrtle creeps along the banks. Mr. Shearing is adept at stitching together his swooning heroines, his young baronets, his flickering candles in their tall sconces, his hothouse fruits in high silver-gilt epergnes with a strong, red thread of murder. Mr. Shearing is a painstaking researcher, a superb writer, a careful technician, and a master of horror. There is no one else quite like him. —SALLY BENSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THOSE TORN FROM EARTH, by Frederick Hollander, with a preface by Thomas Mann. Another chapter in the unhappy saga of the new lost generation—the refugees from Hitler's tyranny. Mr. Hollander's wanderers try London (the book begins in 1933), Paris, New York, Hollywood. They are musicians, artists, gifted persons, and they live as well as they can in strange cities, sometimes doing stupid jobs, sometimes having no jobs, subject always to the caprice of fortune and dominated by insecurity and fear. Mr. Hollander does not add much that is new to a familiar story, but he is more than ordinarily feverish, swift, and dramatic. Not the last word on the bitterness of exile, but an impressive one.

SATAN'S SERGEANTS, by Josephine Herbst. A well-handled study of a Pennsylvania village in which the lives of the native farmers are complicated by wealthy city people who furnish jobs, excitement, and scandal. A brush fire destroys an elaborate barn and ignites at the same time several smoldering domestic crises. Miss Herbst presents her characters with skill and passion and resolves their difficulties very neatly.

KINGDOM ON EARTH, by Anne Brooks. The story of a charming and handsome family which disintegrates under the pressure of a change of fortune. A Cinderella daughter-in-law, awed by her husband's folks when they are rich and delightful, finds herself the mainstay of the group in grimmer days. Pleasant family background and a sound realization that situation should develop out of character make this not only credible and entertaining but a better-than-average first novel.

WHEN THE LIVING STRIVE, by Richard LaPiere. Mr. LaPiere's main character is a Chinese immigrant boy

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THE Gang's All Here BY HARVEY SMITH

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who comes to San Francisco in 1875 and lives through many shifts of fortune to old age in 1929. Tong wars, the earthquake and fire, and the earlier World War add color to the already colorful backdrop of a Western Chinatown, and the hero himself is altogether likable and real.

THEN SHALL THE DUST RETURN, by Julian Green, translated from the French by James Whitall. Finely written but otherwise not very impressive story of an ancient chain which exercises a magic spell on the persons who own it. Begins way back in history and continues through various episodes to the present day. The people are interesting, but somehow the story doesn't hang together.

THE OTHER WORLDS, edited and with an introduction by Phil Stong. An omnibus of weird and fantastic stories, differing sharply from similar anthologies in that there are no chestnuts. The twenty-five tales are from work—almost all the authors are unfamiliar—done in the last decade. Very nice horrors indeed.

GENERAL

R.A.F., by Keith Ayling. Journal of an imaginary and composite R.A.F. fighter pilot between June and October last year. The author, himself a former Royal Flying Corps pilot, shows us the Royal Air Force's training methods, organization, social life, bombing routine, squadron operations, and the Spitfires in action (this last from actual combat reports), all in a way that seems movingly true to both fact and feeling. The most striking and also the most informative book on the subject we've had so far. Official photographs.

WILL WE HAVE INFLATION?, by Harry Scherman. The author answers, "It depends." Short-term inflation, he thinks, can be avoided by blocking any increase in "our existing money supply," but long-term inflation which might be caused by a failure of government credit can, he believes, be prevented only by restoring gold to circulation and by limiting the rise of the public debt. Besides the title essay, the book includes "The Real Danger in Our Gold," a pamphlet published last year. All the material is an expansion of the author's *Saturday Evening Post* articles.

LOUISIANA HAYRIDE, by Harnett T. Kane. A New Orleans newspaperman writes the story of "the American rehearsal for dictatorship": the Long regime that bossed Louisiana

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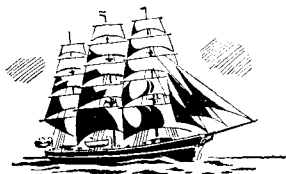
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between 1928 and 1940, first under Huey himself, later under such assorted talent as Maestri, Leche, Noe, Weiss, and Earl K. Long. The author includes much of the buffoonery, but he doesn't allow us to forget what such goings-on mean to democracy. An entertaining and intelligent book. Photographs.

THE WILD SEVENTIES, by Denis Tilden Lynch. New York—and a good deal about the rest of the country—during one of the more unruly decades in our national history, the period of Grant, Fisk, Tweed, Greeley, Tilden and Hayes, Custer, the railroad strike of 1877, the early Communists, and so on. The author, perhaps appropriately, is slightly cynical in his treatment, but he does a keen job. Some new source material, especially on sports, the ins and outs of contemporary politics, and the slums and shanty colonies of Manhattan. Illustrations.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S APOLOGY, by G. H. Hardy. One of the foremost living English mathematicians gives us a brief, well-written justification of his subject and his life. It defines with classic sobriety the beauty, the seriousness, and the higher "utility" of a great creative art.

There's another point in choosing a green veil, besides the very obvious tie-up with Susan's green coat. Have you noticed how many of the master portrait painters used green in their skin tones. . . . how many of them have even used green veils? (A good place to notice all this is in the museum exhibit of portraits.) If Lautrec and Piero Della Francesca thought it was a good idea and that it put a witchery about a woman, it might be something to pick up a few veiled hints from the masters of. . . shall we say "seduction?" Yes, very quietly, let's say seduction.—Nell Giles in the *Boston Globe*.

Seduction.

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

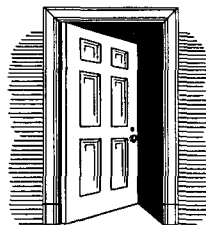
[From the *Los Angeles Examiner*]

The bride arrived here yesterday from Honolulu aboard the Matson liner Matsonia, en route to join her husband in Chattanooga, Tenn.

"We met a year ago in Honolulu at the opening of a drugstore," she said. "The proprietor was passing out bags of popcorn to visitors.

"Well, I stood throwing popcorn into the air catching it with my mouth when suddenly something cracked me on the side of the head. It was Lieutenant Woody, who had been doing the same thing."

They were married March 1 in Hawaii.



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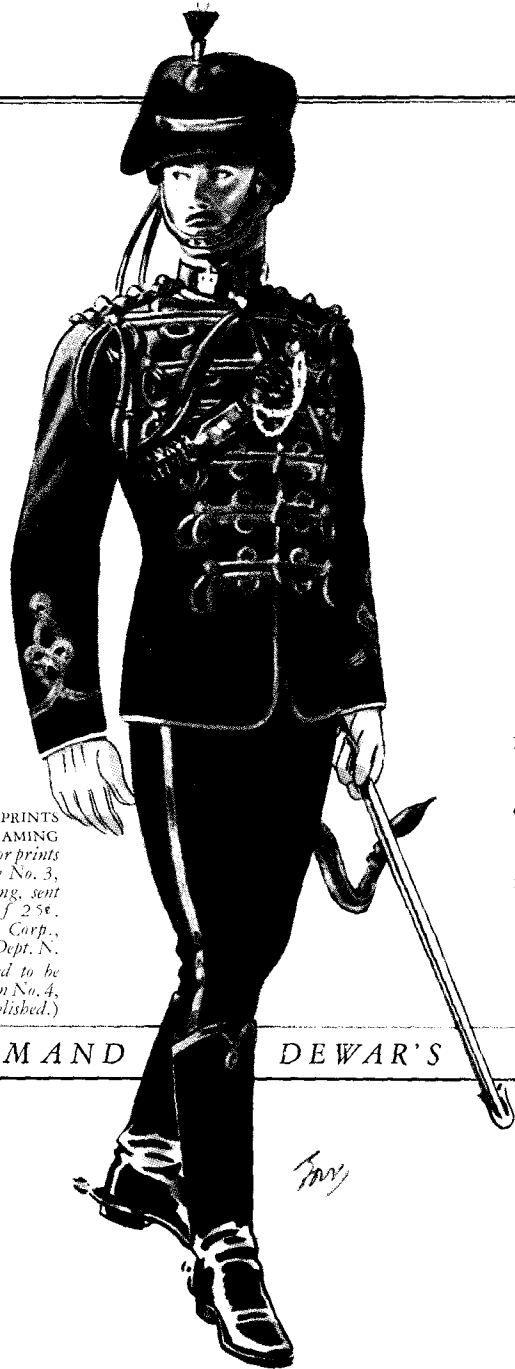
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